THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 122 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1859.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1966. }

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THEN.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

I lean my aching forehead on my palms,
And think how it will be, another year,
When May, with passionate showers and sunny calms,
Will walk this way,—and I shall not be here.

The old church clock, whose friendly face looks in
At this dear window, where I sit and dream,
Will see another face where mine has been,
And never grieve that it is not the same.

The city will not miss me; I have been
Only a step-child of its dust and noise—
Longing and homesick, in its strife and din,
For the green country and its quiet joys.

Threading its wilderness of crowded streets,
How have I pined for rural summer-tides,
For tangled wood-paths, full of dewy sweets,
And cool, green ways by murmuring river-sides.

These walls and spires will never miss the face,
Tear-stained sometimes, and sometimes summer-fair,
Which came and went among them for a space,
And then was gone,—and no one wondered where.

But thou, who wanderest distant lands across,
How will thy heart, oh, tender and most dear,
Ache with a sudden sense of bitter loss,
When thou returnest, and I am not here!

Original Romance.

THE CAVALIER.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,

Author of "Richelieu," "Darnley," "Mary of Burgundy," "The Old Dominion," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VI.

It was a very dark night; the moon had set; clouds covered the stars; a deep forest, clothing some hilly ground to the west, shut out the last faint rays which still lingered in that quarter; and a party of some ten or fifteen gentlemen, followed by a small body of troopers, might have found some difficulty in discovering their way, had not a man on a spirited little ass guided them with perfect certainty, not alone along the high road, but also upon the numerous by-paths which led to various valleys in the neighborhood.

"Mind, the highest knoll, Jacques Bonhomme!" said the Prince de Condé, who was at the head of the party, addressing the man on the donkey; "I must see if it be possible—but we shall soon have light enough. So, my good friend," he continued, turning to Bernard March, who was riding near his side, "you will not even don a cuirass, though I warn you we are going to have sharp work."

"Your Highness knows I must not engage in these hostilities," replied the young gentleman, "I come not to fight, but merely to look on."

"What, just as an amateur!" said Condé, laughing. "Well, if you get shot, remember 'tis not my fault; but it is my veritable belief that old Hocquincourt is asleep, or he must have found out some of our parties by this time. We will find means to make him. Spur on your *bourique*, old man."

The guide did as he was commanded, and made the best of his way forward till he reached the top of a little monticule, which he declared to be the highest ground within ten miles of Bleneau.

There the whole party paused, and gazed over the scene around. A wide undulating plain stretched, from the belt of forest I have mentioned, for many miles towards the south and east; and between the wood itself and the spot where Condé's party were congregated, extended some open fields over a gentle slope for the distance of about three miles. Some dark patches rising up here and there, with occasionally the faint outline of a church, indicated the position of various villages; but the night continued very dark, and the only object which was at all distinctly seen was a small river that ran glistening along in the plain below.

Condé sat perfectly still with his eyes fixed upon the stream for some five minutes, when a dark mass seemed to cross the river, obscuring its gleam at one particular spot for somewhat less than a quarter of an hour.

"Marsin is over," said the Prince at length; "and now, gentlemen, I think we may begin the work. Fire a carbine, and blow a trumpet!"

The next moment the discharge of a gun was heard, and then the shrill blast of a trumpet; and in a few seconds a loud and confused noise of drums, cymbals and trumpets was heard from a spot some three hundred yards distant. The same sounds were then taken up on the right, then on the left, in some eight or ten places, mingled with the roar of two or three pieces of artillery, together with the scattered firing of small arms, and a hideous roar of human voices. Then suddenly a bright blaze broke forth upon the left, showing a village all in flames, with the church tower plainly distinguishable in the midst. Another and another hamlet was fired, and, in an amazingly short space of time, the whole plain was illuminated almost as brightly as if the sun shone upon it; and confused masses of fugitives were seen rushing in terror and disarray from the various villages, where the royal army had been quartered, towards the head of a causeway across some marshy land, while the small but compact bands of Condé's horsemen pursued the flying, and cut them down without mercy.

"Ah! Monsieur d' Hocquincourt," said Condé with a laugh, as he gazed upon the fearful but brilliant scene; "by this time I think you have not a quarter left! This will teach you to keep your men closer together, I think. And now, gentlemen, that we can see our way, we had better have a little share in this affair ourselves. They seem to be making some resistance there at the *tête de chaussée;* let us ride down and take them in the flank. They will soon be dispersed, for I will swear they are well frightened."

Thus saying he put his horse into a quick trot, and, followed by the other gentlemen and his small body of troopers, rode down the hill towards a spot at the end of the causeway, where a desultory firing of musketry was going on, as if Marshal d' Hocquincourt was endeavoring to rally his dispersed army at that point. His men were soon scattered again by the fierce charge of the Prince de Condé; and the loss would have been much greater on the royalist side had not Turenne come up and repaired in some degree the indiscretion of Hocquincourt in spreading his quarters too far apart, by covering the retreat of the royal forces to Gien.

During the whole of these scenes, Bernard March rode close to the Prince, unarmed even with defensive armor, such as the habits of those times required—foolish and ridiculous habits, which have not been wholly banished in our own day, although every one knows that since the introduction of fire-arms, steel is no defence, and only an encumbrance. Still we say young Bernard March went perfectly unarmed, for he had left his sword and even his pistols behind; and he rode gayly and carelessly, too, avoiding no exposure, and talking as coolly to his great and daring companion as if he had been seated with him at the dinner-board.

Turenne, however, advanced, as I have shown, with a superior force, and planting his cannon so as to sweep the causeway, saved the remnant of the royal army. But Condé had already gained all that he wished or expected. All the advanced posts of the enemy had been taken, and the way to Paris was open. The science of war was very differently understood and practised in those days. A great defeat did not imply absolute destruction to one side or success to the other; and, though God knows the boldness of military genius was often enough displayed, the resources of military science were always ready to fall back upon.

Day was breaking brightly; the trumpets were sounding the recall; and the Prince, with Gourville, Bernard March, and one or two others took their way to Bleneau, the small town where Hocquincourt had slept the night before. It was a dull morning, with one of those misty drizzles in the air which are attributed especially to the dear old land of cakes, but which from time to time infest every country, from the north pole to nether Ind. But Bernard March kept up easily with the Prince, though they rode fast, and found an opportunity of saying,

"I am afraid your Highness has forgotten that I have a little business with you?"

"Ay, ay; but I have had my hands quite full, my good friend. What is it? Let me hear. I hope to Heaven it is not to ask me to pay an old debt; for I think, after this night's work, that is the only thing I cannot do."

"Certainly not that," said Bernard; "for I am afraid that I have no claim upon your Highness, or doubtless you would find means to settle that matter also. But, yesterday morning, the Duc de L———, the Marquis de Breteuil, and Monsieur de Villeneuve, joined your camp at Montargis. These three gentlemen and a small party of their retainers, some days ago, carried off against her will a young lady, to whose father I am under obligations, and were riding away with her, when I stopped them. The Duke, as of your own blood, is, of course, too high for me to meddle with; and, besides," he added, with a smile, "I do not set myself up to be the champion of fair ladies, so that Monsieur de Breteuil also may pass unnoticed. But Monsieur de Villeneuve used some unpleasant language towards me on that occasion; and I promised to give him a lesson which I have now come here to administer. I did not choose to do so, however, without your Highness's permission."

"You will kill the poor devil," said Condé; "and I shall lose a good soldier."

"No, I will not," replied Bernard March, "he is a good swordsman, I believe; and I only want to instruct him a little in courtesy and politeness."

"A rough lesson, I am afraid, my good friend," replied Condé; "but I cannot part with Villeneuve. He is one of my best followers. If I want a man to run his head against a post, I send for Villeneuve. If I want any one to be taken prisoner, and give the enemy wrong information, I send for Villeneuve. Put him at the head of a corps of horse, and he is sure to get into some scrape before the day is over, thinking all the time that he is one of the most strategetic and skillful captains that ever lived. You must not deprive me of Villeneuve, my good friend."

"Only for a week or so, until he is better," replied Bernard March."

"'Till he is better? No, no," said the Prince, "let me try to settle the affair—an apology in writing to the young lady. That will do."

"Hardly satisfactory to me, but I submit to your Highness's pleasure," replied Bernard March; "I doubt, however, that you get Monsieur de Villeneuve to make the apology; and I only trust you will expedite the affair; for I hear that the plague has broken out behind us, and I am anxious to return."

"In order to catch it?" asked Condé with a laugh.

"I was brought up in the midst of it," replied the young gentleman, "when the King was at Oxford, and we were in the field. I got quite accustomed to the ugly creature; and as it never did me any harm, I lost all fear of it. But I have to take care of some friends who do not know its ways so well as I do."

Thus they rode on, conversing on various subjects, till they reached Montargis, when the Prince de Condé told his young companion to wait for him at his quarters, and sent a servant to summon Monsieur de Villeneuve to his presence.

Some ten minutes after, the young gentleman who had been placed at Lucy's side when she was carried off from the *table de Pierre*, entered the Prince's room at the castle, with that sort of gay, reckless air, which was very much affected by the young French nobility of that day.

"Be seated, Monsieur de Villeneuve," said the Prince, "I have a somewhat unpleasant message for you, from a young English gentleman."

"Ah!" exclaimed Villeneuve, in a supercilious tone, "I do not know any English, your Highness. I do not like the animal, and do not cultivate it."

"This young gentleman seems inclined to force you to know him," replied the Prince, gravely, "and the matter must be treated more seriously, Monsieur de Villeneuve."

"Assuredly, my lord," answered the other, with a sneering smile still upon his lip. "But what may this respectable gentleman's name be?"

Condé paused thoughtfully for a moment; and perhaps the reader may have remarked—as many of the officers and attendants had done—that in conversation, the Prince never gave Bernard March any name at all, but merely called him "my good friend," or "my good sir." At length he answered,

"His name, sir, does not matter; and, to say the truth, I do not exactly know what he chooses to be called—"

"By my faith, your Highness, I think his name does matter," answered Villeneuve, boldly. "I do not know that I shall condescend to fight a man whose name I do not know—for that I suppose is the purport of this message."

Condé's face flushed, and he answered sharply,

"Condescend! It is he who condescends. He is your superior, sir, in all things."

"He may not be my superior in the use of the sword," answered the young nobleman.

But Condé burst into a loud laugh.

"He is without exception, the best swordsman in Europe," he said; "I have seen him disarm Martini, the famous Italian fencer, at the third pass."

Villeneuve was silent; but the Prince's countenance changed; his brow grew stern and dark, his lip compressed, and all traces of his contemptuous merriment died away.

"You have been bold, sir," he said, "to talk of condescending towards a gentleman from whom I give you a message. With him you shall deal as he thinks fit; but I now speak on my own part; you shall write a full and ample apology to the person [illegible] you

Br

an

of haughty anger on the Prince's face, knew what that anger implied in the case of Condé, he could not refrain from asking,

"Or, what? your Highness."

"Or you quit my camp instantly," said Condé, in a loud, stern voice; "and from that moment, you are no longer my friend, but my enemy."

Villeneuve rose from his seat and stood before the Prince, evidently much agitated. He hesitated in silence for several moments, and then said, in a low and respectful tone,

"I cannot quit your Highness! Had the consequence been anything but that, I would rather have cut off my hand, than write what you require. As it is, I go to obey."

"You do right, sir," said Condé, whose anger was but little abated. "Mind that the apology be full and explicit."

Villeneuve bowed, and withdrew. Condé sat and knocked one heavy boot against the other, apparently in not a very placable mood for two or three minutes, and then saying, "It is time I should have some sleep," called a valet from the ante-room, took off his cuirass, divested himself of his other arms, and threw himself down on the bed, which was then to be found in almost every chamber of a French house, giving orders that he should not be disturbed for two hours.

At the end of that time, he arose without being called—conversed for a few minutes with Gourville, and some other gentlemen who had been waiting for him, received a letter which he read and put into his pocket, and then sauntered quietly forth to the Barbican Tower of the old castle, which lay at some distance from his quarters. Without any announcement, he walked in, but paused for a minute or two on the stair, hearing a very beautiful voice singing.

"He is an extraordinary man," said Condé to himself; and then finishing the ascent, he entered the chamber of Bernard March, and put the letter he had received, into his hands.

"That is full and sufficient," he said; "now give me your word, my good friend, that you will cease your pursuit of this quarrel."

Bernard March read the paper which the envelope contained, and then folded it up again, saying:

"It makes no apology to me, your Highness, for the injurious words he used; but my private satisfaction I of course submit to your pleasure. I shall leave the camp to-morrow morning early; for if this gentleman and myself meet, we are not likely to part quite peacefully."

"Well, if you must go, do so," replied the Prince, in his usual bluff tone; "but I do not see why all this business should not be composed between you and Monsieur de Villeneuve, or why you should not remain here and attach yourself to the party of the princes. This land is very nearly equally divided; and we must be successful in the end; for we are fighting for the inalienable rights of Frenchmen, against an Italian favorite supported by a foreign woman.

Bernard March shook his head.

"Why not, why not?" cried Condé, impetuously.

"Your King became of age in August last," answered Bernard March; "high treason, your Highness—high treason!"

The Prince looked down somewhat gloomily, and then replied:

"There is something more, my good friend; we have known all about high treason a long time ago; but what makes you think we shall not be successful? You have something more in your mind."

"Much," replied Bernard March, "but I may speak too plainly, and your Highness is not accustomed to hearing plain truth quietly."

"Go on, go on," said Condé, nodding his head; "I will be as quiet as a dove, and only peck you[illegible] a little if you hold my wings too tight."

"Well, then," answered the young man, "you have to recollect that, first, you have against you an Italian fox, with wit a great deal keener than the sword which hangs by your side; and next, you have against you a French wolf, with not less cunning, and much more rancor."

"You mean Gondi," said Condé;" but Bernard March went on without directly replying.

"Then, again, if I may use what may seem an anomaly, you have a weak but powerful friend. Weak for all good purposes, powerful for all bad ones; clothed by his position with immense authority, incapable by character of using it in a straightforward direction—a prince whose friends are not pioneers, but follow rather than go before him, blotting out the false steps he has taken, rather than opening paths to success, and bearing the axe on their necks, instead of in their hands."

"Gaston! Gaston!" said Condé, greatly moved; "the picture is too true—it cannot be mistaken!"

"Moreover, there is an enraged lady," continued Bernard, "who will not be easily appeased; but your own party is the worst defect of your Highness's position."

"What is the matter with our party?" cried Condé, starting up impatiently.

"That not one single member thereof has any principle of any kind," replied Bernard March, very gravely.

"Sacre bleu! nor has any party in England!" cried Condé.

"Your Highness will pardon me," replied Bernard March; "there is a great distinction. Ifullness, vanity, and want of concert have ned the majesty of England; but the royalparty has always had one bond of union—devoted loyalty. The rebels, or Parliamentarians, as they call them, were for some time much divided; but there is a bond of union which some of their leaders have not failed to discover and make serviceable—Fanaticism, my lord the Prince, and that is the most formidable agent that has ever moved men's passions in this world. Here I see but one feeling which is likely to be permanent—reverence for the royal authority. But I must not suffer you to remain under the belief that it is your chances of success alone which move me. I have received kindness, hospitality, friendship from all parties in a foreign land; and it would not become me, I think, to draw my sword against that crown which long protected me, though in these troublesome times its favor has been, perhaps necessarily, withdrawn."

"I am not drawing my sword against the crown," cried the Prince, vehemently, "but against an Italian knave;" and turning on his heel he left the room. Every step he took, however, he became more and more grave, and felt, perhaps, that there was much truth in the hard words he had heard.

CHAPTER VII.

Before the sky was gray with dawn on the following morning, the horses of Bernard March were saddled and at the door. The two servants who had accompanied him and were now prepared to depart with him, remarked nothing in his demeanor worth notice, and he whistled a few bars of an Italian air as he put his foot in the stirrup and swung himself into the saddle.

The streets of Montargis were empty of all persons but the little party itself, and one man on foot, who walked on before them, looking over his shoulder from time to time, as if somewhat suspicious of the three men who followed.

Bernard March rode very slowly, patting his horse's neck and talking to him, and when one of the men reminded him that they had a long way to go, the young gentleman merely replied:

"The more reason, then, to spare the horses at the beginning of the journey."

The sun was just rising as they passed the gates; but still the traveller on foot kept upon his way before them; and they did not lose sight of him till they had ridden nearly a mile, when he seemed to turn into the wood, and disappeared. Just where he vanished, appeared the entrance of a little footpath; and at the corner a stone post, with half-effaced letters on two sides. After passing this stone some five or six yards, Bernard March drew in his rein, and sprang to the ground.

"Here, Ralph, take my horse," he said, in an ordinary tone, "and ride forward to the first cross. They tell me it is about a quarter of a mile farther on. I will rejoin you in a few minutes."

The man took the bridle which his master held out to him, but both the servants looked at the young gentleman with some doubt; and he had to repeat mildly, "Go on, my good fellows," before they moved a step.

They did not venture to disobey, however; and Bernard March turned down the little path into the wood. It was very narrow, and the boughs of the old trees crossing overhead, rendered the gray of the unconfirmed day all the more sombre. Bernard walked slowly, with a grave air, carelessly knocking off the heads of some of the forest plants that bordered the path, till at the end of perhaps a couple of hundred yards, the trees fell more apart, and a little meadow, not much larger than a cottage garden, opened out before him. It was a dank and gloomy looking place enough, edged on the side opposite to that on which Bernard entered, by a small brook covered with watercresses, and was itself clothed thickly with long, dewy grass. It did not seem a very cheerful resting place; but there, at the opposite side, on the bank of the brook, sat the stranger who had gone on before the young traveller from Montargis.

"Good morning, Monsieur de Villeneuve," said Bernard March; "we are both I believe a little before our time."

"Better before than behind time," answered Villeneuve in rather a rough tone; "it will soon be light enough. Where are your men? You agreed last night to come alone." As he spoke he eyed the seemingly slight form of Bernard March from head to heel, gazing with a certain degree of contempt at his delicate hands, taper fingers and small feet, and murmured to himself something very like, "Fight with a girl!"

"I have come alone, Monsieur de Villeneuve," replied Bernard March; "my men are a quarter of a mile forward on the road by this time; but you will perceive that as I have to go some forty or fifty miles in this very direction, after settling with you this morning, it was economy of time and trouble to bring my servants part of the way with me—killing two birds with one stone you see, Monsieur de Villeneuve."

The figure was not a very palatable one; and Monsieur de Villeneuve exclaimed in an angry tone, "Sacre matin!"

He recovered himself in a moment, however, and said more placably, "there is light enough to see to measure our weapons at all events; and as you are in a hurry we had better do so. There is my sword, what is the length of yours?"

"A little shorter, I believe," said Bernard March, drawing the blade from the sheath; "but it is all the same to me."

"By the Lord you seem very confident, young man," exclaimed Villeneuve, beginning to have some doubts as to the conclusion of the affair in which he had engaged.

But Bernard March answered nothing, merely laying his blade along that of his antagonist, which was nearly two inches longer.

"This is hardly fair to you, sir," said Villeneuve frankly.

"Oh, quite fair," said Bernard March, thrusting his sword back into the sheath and seating himself near the spot where the other had been sitting. "Two inches make a good deal of difference in some things, but not much in a sword if a man knows how to handle it. In five minutes we shall have plenty of light, I think. But let me say a word or two to you first," and he pointed to a little molehill by his side, as if inviting the other to be seated.

Villeneuve sat down at once; for there is a certain sort of air and manner which, as it were, gives command; and Bernard March possessed it entirely. "You will remember, Monsieur de Villeneuve," he said, "that this affair is not of my seeking; when you addressed me last night in the streets of Montargis, I told you I had promised his Highness the Prince, to be satisfied with the arrangement he made, and that I was satisfied. You required something more, and therefore I have met you here at your request. All I wish is to impress this fully upon your memory."

"It is not forgotten," answered Villeneuve, in a somewhat sneering tone; "but you promised once to give me a lesson, and I cannot forego such an advantage; for of course I consider it as such."

"I think it may be so," replied Bernard March, quite quietly; "and it may teach you two things: first that it is not always safe to carry off a young lady against her will; and secondly, that it is always dangerous to treat a stranger with contempt, because you think yourself a little the better man. The sun is getting up, sir; and I have a long ride before me."

"God knows," said Villeneuve, "one of us, I take it, won't ride far to-day."

He spoke in a tone of much irritation; but Bernard March merely replied, "We had better look over the ground, sir; it seems to me to be in a very bad and slippery condition." Thus saying he rose and walked forward crossing the little meadow from north to east and east to west, looking down as he did so, to see where soft places occurred in the spongy surface.

The sun by this time had completely risen above the horizon; but yet the light was somewhat faint upon the meadow; for the trees rose up tall on every side, shutting out completely the sun's rays.

At length Bernard paused in the middle of the ground, threw off his hat and cloak, and drew his sword. "Now, Monsieur de Villeneuve" he said, "I am ready, whenever it may suit your pleasure," and at the same time he saluted him gracefully, according to the fashion of fencers in those times. Villeneuve followed his adversary's example, but with less grace, and to tell the truth, with some misgivings.

"Stand on your guard, sir," he exclaimed, as he saw Bernard March holding his sword somewhat negligently at the end of the salute; and he made a half pass at his breast, merely to awaken the young Englishman from his indifferent sort of coolness. But his blade was instantly met by that of the young stranger, who by the slightest possible turn of the hand, directed it past his shoulder. Scarcely feeling it necessary to change his attitude, Bernard March stood solely on the defensive for some moments, parrying every quick and eager thrust of his opponent with as much ease as if he had been at play, till Villeneuve quite out of breath, retreated two or three steps, still keeping a wary eye upon his antagonist.

"If you will excuse me, Monsieur de Villeneuve," said Bernard March, "you will have to change that style of fencing. You round your wrist too much, and very often expose your shoulder."

"I don't think it," answered Villeneuve sharply, "touch it if you can," and in the next instant his sword was again crossed with that of the young Englishman. One lounge, two lounges, then succeeded with great vehemence, and then Villeneuve retreated with the blood flowing down from the shoulder to the tips of his fingers.

"Take your time, Monsieur de Villeneuve," said Bernard March, "I told you, you exposed your shoulder."

"Nothing but a scratch," growled Villeneuve; "are you a fencing master?"

"In this instance I think I am," said Bernard March. "You have had lesson one, if you want lesson two, I am quite at your disposal, after you have taken a little repose. I stand here without moving, on my honor."

Perhaps this display of perfect calmness, was more irritating to poor Villeneuve than an absolute insult; but he had indeed so far received a lesson; and, as he paused, gazing at his adversary, he determined to be more cautious in his next attack. Determinations are very fine things when we can execute them; but at the onset Villeneuve forgot his so far as to cross swords with Bernard March before he had fully recovered breath. The young Englishman, however, did not seize the advantage but parried the lounges of his adversary with a calm smile, without ever returning them, till at length a better directed thrust brought Villeneuve's point within a few inches of his young antagonist's chest. He did not even graze him, or touch his doublet, but it showed Bernard March that it was time to put an end to the combat. In the next pass, Villeneuve received another but deeper and sharper wound in the shoulder, and in the next, his sword went flying in the air. Bernard March quietly caught it by the hilt as it descended, and dropped the point of that, as well as of his own weapon.

"Monsieur de Villeneuve," he said, with his usual calm manner, "I have now kept my word with you, and I do not think, sir, that you can expect me to stay here any longer. In giving you back your sword, I know you are too much a gentleman and man of honor to use it against myself, when I tell you that I have had enough of this affair."

"If you have had enough of it, I am sure I ought to have," said Villeneuve, in a better tempered tone than he had hitherto used; "I wish to heaven you would take my handkerchief out of my right hand pocket, and help me to tie up my arm, for this blood is dabbling me all over."

"With all my heart," answered Bernard March. "The bleeding will weaken you, too, so I will do my best to stop it, though I am no good surgeon."

Thus saying, he took the wounded man's handkerchief from his pocket, and aided him, to the best of his ability, to stop the bleeding, which was considerable.

"You would have that pass over the arm, Monsieur de Villeneuve," he said; "I could not help it."

"It is all my own stupid fault, from beginning to end," said Villeneuve; "well might the Prince tell me you are the best swordsman in Europe."

"No, no, not quite that," replied Bernard March; "and you would be a good swordsman, too, if you would have a little more patience, and take some lessons from a good Italian master."

"Ah, patience, patience!" answered the other; "it is what I never had, sir, in my life, and your being so *sacré* cool, made me all the more impatient."

"I come of a cool people," answered Bernard March, with a smile, "and have seen enough in my short life to cool the hottest drop of blood in my body."

"Well, well," said Villeneuve, "let us shake hands before we part, and be friends when we meet again. I had better get home and have this wound properly dressed, for it is beginning to get very stiff."

"Can you get home alone?" asked Bernard March; "I had better send one of my men to go with you."

"No, no," replied the other, "I shall do very well. I am not a woman or a baby to faint at the loss of a little blood. Just put the mantle over my shoulder, that I may not have the boys running after me, and you walk with me to the end of the lane.

The lane, as we have before shown, was not very long; and when they came out upon the high road, Bernard March's two men were not in sight; but Monsieur de Villeneuve declared that he could get back into the town quite well, and parted with his late adversary as if he had been an old friend. It is wonderful how the *inevitable* changes our views and even our actions. We will struggle and resist and fight and scratch as long as we imagine there is the slightest chance of success; but when we find that there is too strong a hand upon us, we console ourselves with the old aphorism that "what can't be cured must be endured," and, if we are not fools, endure it cheerfully.

Villeneuve's only thought, however, now was, how to get into the town and to his own room, without being seen; and, as it was so early in the morning, he thought there was a good chance of his meeting no one but grooms and horseboys. But he was destined to disappointment in this matter also. On the little esplanade before the castle, which he was forced to pass, he found the Prince de Condé, the Duc de la Rochefoucault, Gourville, and several others. Sharp wits were soon upon him respecting his early walk and soiled cloak and hat; but the Prince himself at length demanded:

"Where have you been, Villeneuve, and what have you been doing?"

"Not very far, your Highness," answered Villeneuve; "I have been taking a lesson in dancing, and it has been a pretty sharp one."

As he spoke, standing very near the Prince, he partly drew back his cloak, and showed him his wounded arm. Condé laughed aloud, at once divining what had occurred; and Villeneuve gladly made his escape to his own apartments. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear:
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

☞ Patience is a sublime virtue. The truest heroism in human life is that *private heroism* which bears with calmness inevitable ills, regardless of the consolations of a fruitless sympathy, and without the soothing consciousness of public attention.

☞ All the persons employed in the Mint should be Jews, properly, for they seem to *make money* faster than anybody else.—*Punch.*

☞ An old oriental story records, that one day, Moolla Museerodeen in a mosque ascended the desk and thus addressed his audience. "Oh, children of the Faithful, do ye know what I am going to say?" They answered, "No." "Well, then," he replied, "it is of no use for me to waste my time on so stupid a set of people." Next day, he again mounted the desk, and inquired, "Oh, true Mussulmen! know ye what I am going to say?" "We do," said they; "Then," he continued, "there is no need for me to tell you." The third time, his audience thought they should catch him, and on his putting the usual question, they answered, "Some of us do and some of us do not!" "Well then," replied he, "let those who know tell those who do not!"—*Sinclair's Lectures.*

☞ Love, which is only an episode in the life of men, is the entire history of women.—*Mme. de Stael.*

☞ IRISH PLENTY.—An Irishman being asked what he came to America for, said, "By de powers, you may be sure that it wasn't for *want*, for I had plenty of that at home."

The sunniest things throw sternest shade,
And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid. —*Hood.*

☞ The applause of a man's native place is generally the last which he receives, for those who knew him in youth will not readily allow that in capacity he is superior to themselves, and are apt to regard the coming of his fame among them as an intrusion to be resented.—*Allan Cunningham.*

☞ There is nothing by which I have thought profited more than by the just observations, the good opinions, the sincere and gentle encouragement of amiable and sensible women.—*Sir S. Romilly.*

☞ An Englishman would live twenty years in a house without knowing his neighbors; a Frenchman would know all of them in twenty-four hours. Let the sociable Frenchman be planted among the tattooed islanders of the South Sea, and in two years he would be found tattooed; put an Englishman in the same position, and he would be king of the island in that time.—*Kossuth's Lecture in Edinburg.*

☞ A story is related of a person who told a Quaker that the silence of a meeting of the Society of Friends was enough to kill the devil: to which the Quaker replied, that it was the very thing the silent assembly were trying to do.

☞ Life is a beautiful night, in which not one star goes down, but another rises to take its place.—*Jean Paul.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1859.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The *first year's* subscription must always be paid *in advance*. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

Four Copies, ... $5,00 a year.
Eight " (and one to getter up of Club,) 10,00 "
Thirteen, (and one to getter up of Club,) 15,00 "
Twenty (and one to getter up of Club,) 20,00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CHANCE READERS.

For the information of chance readers, we may state that among the regular contributors to THE POST, are

G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Richelieu, Old Dominion, &c.	Mary Howitt.
T. S. Arthur.	Grace Greenwood.
Emma Alice Browne.	Florence Percy.
Author of "Letters from Paris."	Martha Russell.
	Mrs. M. A. Denison. Author of "My Last Cruise," &c.

The productions of many other writers of great celebrity are also yearly given, from the English and other periodicals. For instance, last year, we published articles from the pen of CHARLES DICKENS, DINAH MARIA MULOCH, ALFRED TENNYSON, WILKIE COLLINS, H. W. LONGFELLOW, MRS. H. B. STOWE, the AUTHOR of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," the AUTHOR of "The Red Court Farm," &c., &c., &c.,—giving thus to our readers, the very best productions of the very best minds, either as written for THE POST, or as fresh selections—which course insures a greater variety and brilliancy of contents, than could possibly be attained in any other way. The articles already engaged for the present year, from our special contributors, *who write expressly for our columns*, are—first and foremost—

THE CAVALIER, by G. P. R. JAMES, Esq.

[To show that we have hesitated at no reasonable expense to procure the very best talent for our readers, we may be allowed to state that we pay Mr. James for the above Novelet the sum of

$1,680.00!

an amount which, though large, is simply in accordance with the usual rates that Mr. James's high reputation enables him to command. We may further add that Mr. JAMES WILL WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.]

STORIES by MARY HOWITT.
A NOVELET by T. S. ARTHUR, Esq.
"CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS"—A Series. By GRACE GREENWOOD.
LETTERS FROM PARIS. A Series. By ——.
POEMS from FLORENCE PERCY.
POEMS from EMMA ALICE BROWNE, &c., &c., &c.

In addition to the above and other original, and our usual selected stores of Literary matter, we furnish weekly, Agricultural Articles, Useful Receipts, the Foreign and Domestic News, the Markets, &c., &c.—a class of contents interesting to all, and almost indispensable to country readers.

PHILADELPHIA PROSPECTS.

As the Union Railroad Bill has now become a law, we suppose that the road provided for will be speedily made. As our country readers may not know what is designed, we may state that the plan contemplates the uniting of the various railroads that enter Philadelphia, at some point on the river Schuylkill, and the tunnelling of an underground railroad all the way to the Delaware. This will bring the produce of the West and South through the heart of the city directly to tide water, without the need of drayage, and without encumbering our streets with long trains of burden cars. As for merchandise going West, we suppose the time will come when every jobber will have a grating constructed in the street opposite his door, and dump his boxes at once into the cars.

Apropos to this subject, we may say that the great want of this city now is one or two good lines of steam propellers. Philadelphia has always been so unfortunate as to have only one great arm at a time. When she had plenty of vessels for the foreign trade, she neglected her means of inland transportation, and thus lost what she had. Now, when she has means of inland transportation, not surpassed by any other city, she has no vessels to bring foreign merchandise in, and carry domestic produce out. It is evident that this one-armed way of doing things can never lead to any very great results. We must have one long arm to grasp the ports of Europe and Asia—and another to grasp the towns and cities of the West and Southwest—*and have them both at the same time*—or we must remain tributary to some other city. There is no reason, in the nature of things, why Philadelphia should occupy an inferior position to any of her neighbors. New York, for instance, may have the advantage of a better position as to the foreign trade; but Philadelphia, to balance that, has a superior position as to the domestic traffic.—We are nearer, by a hundred miles, to the great markets of the West and Southwest—and the only way that New York can neutralize the advantages of our geographical situation, is by cutting a gap a hundred miles wide in the earth, and closing up the edges. We lost the foreign trade in this city, not because of the inferiority of the port—for that inferiority existed at the beginning—but because New York built the Erie Canal, and followed it up with other great internal improvements. Had the Pennsylvania Railroad been built at that time, we should have kept the foreign trade. Now we have that great road and its extensions—we have the North Pennsylvania road—and we shall soon have, we hope, the Sunbury and Erie road, giving us a chance for the trade of the Lakes—but none of these will do one-fourth they should do, until we have corresponding lines of foreign steamships. We have said that without these foreign lines, we were only one-armed—we might also have said that we were only one-legged, and could do nothing but hop, hop, hop, instead of being able to run, or even to walk.

So persuaded are we of the importance of establishing at least one good line of iron propellers, as a beginning—to insure by its success the establishment of other lines—that we would build them any honest way we could. We are opposed, as a general rule, to city subscriptions—but where would Philadelphia now be, if the city subscription to the Pennsylvania Railroad had not been made? And, so absolutely essential to the prosperity of this city do we consider the establishment of at least one good steamship line, that we would advocate even a city subscription rather than see the good work much longer delayed. For we would consider it a choice of evils; and the evil of having no line, by far the greater. We should think, however, that a simple pledge in writing, from our principal merchants, that they would give the preference in their importations to a Philadelphia line, would induce the wealthy ship owners of England or Scotland at once to establish it—especially as the shipping interest abroad seems at present to be languishing for want of employment.

Philadelphia has simply to be true to herself—and not expect to compete successfully with rivals who have two arms or two legs in the race for greatness, while she has only one—in order to obtain a proud position among the cities of the world. She has not the advantages of other cities, we grant—but then she has advantages of her own, of which no other city can deprive her. Her capitalists are now timid, because they have found they cannot hop on their one leg as fast as others can run on two—but let them bend all their energies to getting the other leg, and then they will soon learn that confidence and self-reliance, and that wise daring, which success alone can give.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—We take pleasure in saying a few words in praise of the efforts of Mr. Hlasko to establish in Philadelphia an institution devoted to Physical Education. His new plan includes, not only the present gymnastics, callisthenics, &c., but a grand swimming bath, after the model of the "Diana bath," at Vienna, to be kept perfectly fresh and pure by a constant stream of water running in and out. This bath will be 120 feet long by 30 feet broad, the water being three feet deep at one end, and gradually deepening to six feet at the other, and kept at a proper temperature by a steam heating apparatus, which will also be used for warming the building. There will be two hundred private dressing-rooms for the bathers; the establishment will be fitted up with douches, shower-baths, springing-boards, &c., and teachers will be in attendance to teach swimming. Three days in the week the bath is to be exclusively appropriated to females, and three to males. The bathing season will commence on the first of May, and continue until the middle or end of October. Our citizens will be much to blame if they do not see to it, that Mr. Hlasko, in these enterprises to furnish the means of physical development to our city boys, and, what is even more important, our city *girls*, is abundantly sustained. He is entitled not only to the necessary support, but to the hearty encouragement of all parents.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

D. The author of the couplet—

"Think that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done,"

is said to be one Jacob Bobart, of Oxford, England. It was written in the album of David Kreg, which is now preserved in the collection of albums in the British Museum. Bobart was the son of a celebrated botanist of the same name; he died about 1726. Mr. John Bartlett's book of "Familiar Quotations" is the authority for this statement. Just as like as not, however, Bobart's lines were not original with him. The first word is now generally written "count," instead of "think"—which is an improvement.

KENOSHA. You can send a letter to Berlin, Prussia, either by the Prussian Closed Mail, or by the Bremen Mail. If you send by the first named, the postage is thirty cents; if by the latter, it is fifteen cents. The postage may be prepaid or not, as you choose. The difference of the rates probably is owing to there being less to pay on the other side, in the one case than the other. We judge that the 30 cents in the Prussian Closed Mail pays all through. Write on the envelope the name of the line by which you wish your letter to go.

EDWARD. To the cold-blooded people of England and the United States, it seems ridiculous to see men kiss each other. Yet the Italians, French, and even the phlegmatic Germans, of the masculine gender, take each other to their hearts in a warm embrace, and give the kiss of affection. Probably you have inherited your propensity to do the same, from some ancestor belonging to one of the above nations. We confess that we have no especial admiration for the custom, and would as soon, for ourselves, kiss a bear as a bearded man—but when we see what is customary in other parts of the world, we are ready to own that it may be, in some degree, mere prejudice on our part. Still, there is force in the old adage,—"When you are at Rome, do as the Romans do,"—and we would advise you, therefore, to keep your embraces and kisses for the ladies, in order that the great majority of your fellow citizens may not set you down as either a conceited young jackanapes, or a sickly sentimentalist. We do not doubt that your friend is a very fine fellow, but you can show your appreciation of his virtues in fifty other ways than the one you speak of. Pshaw! it almost makes us sick to think of one young man kissing another, when there are so many pretty girls about. To say the least of it, it is a great waste and misdirection of energy.

JESSIE. It is used to signify the line between the Free and Slave States—and is derived from the fact that the present boundary line between Pennsylvania and Maryland was run by Messrs. Mason and Dixon, joint Commissioners for the purpose—whence the phrase Mason and Dixon's Line.

IRONSIDES. The famous old frigate Constitution was built in Boston, and launched in 1797.—She was one of the six frigates ordered by Act of Congress in 1794—which Act was the first passed for the creation of a navy.

CURIOSITY. The Great Eastern, we see it stated in a London paper, is now being fitted out for sea, and will be ready to sail by the first of July. Her first voyage is to be, we believe, to Portland, Maine—as she draws too much water to enter New York harbor. She will be a sight worth seeing—if anybody can see the whole of her at once.

EMMA. It is very frequently objected to the use of coffee that it produces a sallow complexion—and, if it does, it certainly is almost a conclusive objection to its use by young ladies. We are inclined to think however that the harm results more from drinking large quantities of very strong coffee, than from a temperate use of this very pleasant beverage. If you would drink mildly-made coffee, and of that only two cups once a day, say at breakfast, we cannot think it would injure either your complexion or your health,—unless the latter were already broken. Ladies who have weak nerves, however, should avoid coffee.—Mocha, Java, Maracaibo, and Laguayra coffees are much to be preferred to Rio—which last is too strong and bitter for any but hard-working men. Mocha is, by far, the finest flavored coffee, but its high price is an objection to most people. Maracaibo and Laguayra coffees can hardly be distinguished from Java, and are cheaper. Let us add an anecdote of coffee-drinking, which will apply to many cases. A certain well-known poet was once taking supper with us. Upon being asked whether he would be helped to coffee, he replied that he could not generally drink it, as it disagreed with him, but occasionally treated himself when visiting. A cup therefore was poured out for him, which he praised much, and asked for another. The conversation went on, and he asked for a third cup—and then for a fourth—and, we are not quite certain, but think he asked for a fifth! Can our readers wonder that we were a little amused, and not at all surprised that coffee did not agree with him? It is so with hundreds of others—it is not the coffee, but the abuse of it which injures them.

ANNA. "Rye coffee" was drunk very extensively during the second war with England, when, owing to the British cruisers, the foreign trade was nearly paralyzed. The rye was browned and ground, and generally made just as coffee is made. In some cases, other articles were ground with it, to improve the taste. An old gentleman informed us once that he was so utterly deceived by such a mixture, that he pronounced the coffee afterwards to have been the genuine article. Many people got to liking it so well, that they cared very little about coming back to the coffee itself, at the close of the war. Still as the use of rye in this respect has been universally abandoned, we may infer that it is not so good as the genuine berry. Doubtless Anna could not swallow a cup of rye coffee, without looking a little wry.

RURAL. The common belief is that a turnpike company cannot legally compel any traveller to pay toll, who does not pass through a gate. We are inclined to think, however, that this view is only partially correct—for toll is frequently collected where no gate is passed through. Much depends, we judge, upon the exact language of the act of incorporation of a company. If the act simply authorizes a toll of so much per mile, the money, we should think, would have to be paid whenever demanded. Turnpike gates are great nuisances, we know—but the turnpikes themselves, in muddy weather, are great accommodations. And yet every man seems to feel it incumbent upon him—as if it were demanded by his religion, or his duty to his wife and children—to get rid of paying toll if he can. We should think it a proof of excessive and almost morbid conscientiousness, for a man to pass through a turnpike gate, if he could avoid it by going half a mile, on a fair road, out of his way. In conformity with this, a toll-gate keeper is looked upon by many as almost a species of robber. And we think it was one of Dickens's characters, who, being jilted in love, went to keeping a gate, in order to revenge himself upon mankind.

VENOUS. Yes, there is such a thing as Parsnip Wine. We never tasted it—but the receipt is as follows:—"Sliced parsnips, twenty pounds; boiling water, five gallons; when cold, press out the liquor, and to each gallon add cream of tartar, half an ounce, and sugar, two pounds and three quarters; ferment, rack, and add brandy at discretion." We would say, as to the adding of brandy—at very *great* "discretion." In fact, we doubt whether *any* is at all needed—but, as we know nothing of the matter practically, cannot say. One thing we do know, that if you attempt to add Brandy, you will probably simply add colored Whiskey. We should think that in this country, where currants, gooseberries and grapes are so plenty, it were merely a waste of time, to make wine out of parsnips.

ELIZABETH. We have known a lady's voice greatly improved by a course of callisthenics, calculated to strengthen the chest.—Whatever improves the general health is also calculated to improve the voice. Public vocalists are in the habit, we believe, of eating very little supper, or often none at all, previous to their concerts—and of swallowing a raw egg. We suppose this latter practice is based on the authority of the nursery rhyme, which says of the cuckoo—

"He sucks little birds' eggs,
To make his voice clear,
And sings "cuckoo, cuckoo,"
In the spring of the year."

MATILDA. If you have "two strings to your bow," or two beaux to your string, and do not know which you like best, let them both "slide," for you do not love either. Perhaps, however, you are not capable of love. In that case, you may keep both in a quiver, engage to be married to both on the same evening, run off with one, and give the other the go-by, get your name in the papers, break the heart of your discarded lover first, and of your husband afterwards, incur the censure of all sensible, well-behaved people, and, finally, crown a foolish life with an unlamented death.

W. W. The author of THE SCOUT is—an American gentleman. When he becomes as famous as Sir Walter Scott, that other "Great Unknown," doubtless he will either raise his visor, or, like Junius, the "man in the Iron Mask" of literature, "die, and make no sign."

PRO BONO PUBLICO, since he asks our opinion, must allow us to say that we do not think he has a talent for poetry.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED: "Pegasus," etc.; "Worship of Nature;" "The Ruined Castle," (not without merit, spite of faults. Try again.)

New Publications.

THE LIFE OF DOUGLAS JERROLD by his Son BLANCHARD JERROLD, (Ticknor & Fields, Boston,) besides being an admirable and interesting memoir of a most earnest and honest man, sensitive, generous and tender withal, and by no means the cynic and sour wit his defamers have represented,—has a great charm in its pleasant picture of an author's life, and the side glimpses it gives of some of the most brilliant literary men of England. Take for instance this account of a day with Jerrold at his own home:—

"It is a bright morning, about eight o'clock at West Lodge, Putney Lower Common. The windows at the side of the old house, buried in trees, afford glimpses of a broad common tufted with purple heather and yellow gorse. Gypsies are encamped where the blue smoke curls amid the elms. A window sash is shot smartly up. A clear, small voice is heard singing within. And now a long roulade, whistled softly, floats out. A little spare figure, with a stoop, habited in a short shooting jacket, the throat quite open without collar or kerchief, and crowned with a straw hat, pushes through the gate of the cottage, and goes with short, quick steps, assisted by a stout stick, over the common. A little black and tan terrier follows, and rolls over the grass at intervals, as a response to a cheery word from its master. The gypsy encampment is reached. The gypsies know their friend, and a chat and a laugh ensue. Then a deep gulp of the sweet morning air, a dozen branches pulled to the nose here and there in the garden, the children kissed, and breakfast and the morning papers.

"The breakfast is a jug of cold new milk; some toast, bacon, water-cresses. Perhaps a few strawberries have been found in the garden. A long examination of the papers—here and there a bit of news energetically read aloud, then cut, and put between clippers. Then silently and suddenly into the study."

In the snug study, ornamented with books and busts and pictures, with its furniture of solid oak, Jerrold sits at his neat well-ordered desk, with his little dog at his feet.

"Work begins. If it be a comedy the author will now and then walk rapidly up and down the room, talking wildly to himself; if it be *Punch* copy, you shall hear him laugh presently as he hits upon a droll bit. Suddenly the pen will be put down, and through a little conservatory, without seeing anybody, the author will pass out into the garden, where he will talk to the gardener, or watch, chuckling the while, the careful steps of the little terrier amid the gooseberry bushes; or pluck a hawthorn leaf, and go nibbling it, and thinking, down the side-walks.

"In again and vehemently to work. The thought has come; and in letters smaller than the type in which they shall presently be set, it is unrolled along the little blue slips of paper. The work goes rapidly forward, and halts at last suddenly. The pen is dashed aside; a few letters, seldom more than three lines in each, are written, and despatched to the post; and then again into the garden. The fowls and pigeons are noticed; a visit is paid to the horse and cow; then another long turn round the lawn; at last a seat with a quaint old volume, in the tent, under the umbrageous mulberry tree.

"Friends drop in and join Jerrold in his tent. Who will stop to dinner? Only cottage fare; but there is a hearty welcome. Dinner, if there be no visitors, will be at four. In the summer, a cold quarter of lamb and salad, and a raspberry tart, with a little French wine in the tent, and a cigar. Then a short nap—forty winks—upon the great sofa in the study; and another long stroll over the lawn, while the young members play bowls, and the tea is prepared in the tent. Over the tea-table, jokes of all kinds, as at dinner. No friend who may happen to drop in now, will make any difference in the circle. Perhaps the fun may be extended to a game of some kind, on the lawn. 'Basting the bear' was one evening the rule, on which occasion grave editors and contributors 'basted' one another with knotted pocket-handkerchiefs, to their hearts' content. The crowning effort of this memorable evening was a general attempt to go heels over head upon haycocks in the orchard—a feat which vanquished the skill of the laughing host, and left a very stout and very responsible editor, I remember, upon his head, without power to retrieve his natural position. Again: after a dinner-party under canvas, the hearty host, with his guests, including Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Maclise, Mr. Macready, and Mr. John Forster, indulged in a most active game of leap-frog. Never were boys more completely possessed by the spirit of the game in a seminary playground; and foremost among the players and laughers was the little figure of Douglas Jerrold, his hair flowing wildly, and his face radiant with pleasure."

Rare doings these! We read of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson and the rest at the wit-combats over their sherris-sack and canary in the Mermaid Tavern, but think of Dickens, Jerrold, and Macready at a madcap frolic game of leap-frog on the summer lawn! Dickens, by the way, figures to some extent in this memoir—the same cordial, hearty, genial, gallant heart, overflowing with splendid generosity and resolute good-will, that his writings and the reports of those who know him, have long shown him to be. Here is a good story, told before, but not so well, which he sends in a letter to Jerrold from the Continent, and which he had from an actor in the scene described:—

"At a certain German town last autumn, there was a tremendous furore about Jenny Lind, who, after driving the whole place mad, left it, on her travels, early one morning. The moment her carriage was outside the gates, a party of rampant students, who had escorted it, rushed back to the inn, demanded to be shown to her bedroom, swept like a whirlwind up stairs into the room indicated to them, tore up the sheets, and wore them in strips as decorations. An hour or two afterwards a bald, old gentleman of amiable appearance, an Englishman, who was staying in the hotel, came to breakfast at the *table d'hote*, and was observed to be much disturbed in his mind, and to show great terror whenever a student came near him. At last he said, in a low voice, to some people at the table, 'You are English gentlemen, I observe. Most extraordinary people these Germans! Students, as a body, raving mad, gentlemen!' 'Oh, no!' said somebody else; 'excitable, but very good fellows, and very sensible.' 'My God, sir!' returned the old gentleman, still more disturbed; 'there's something political in it, and I am a marked man. I went out for a little walk this morning after shaving—and while I was gone'—he fell into a terrible perspiration as he told it—'they burst into my bedroom, tore up my sheets, and are now patrolling the town in all directions, with bits of 'em in their button-holes!' I needn't wind up by adding that they had gone to the wrong chamber."

An anecdote here given, shows that even on a sick bed, Jerrold could wing a retort. At Boulogne, he had a terrible attack of rheumatism in the eyes:—

"A French doctor came to him, and treated him as a horse might be treated. He was blistered, and again blistered. He shrieked if the light of the smallest candle reached him; yet he could, if the chord were touched, say a sharp thing. The French doctor had just been operating upon the patient. The patient had winced a little, and the operator had said, 'Tut, tut! It's nothing—nothing at all.' Presently some hot water was brought in. The doctor put his fingers in it, and sharply withdrew them, with an oath. The patient, who was now lying, faint, upon the sofa, said, 'Tut, tut! It's nothing—nothing at all!'"

Jerrold's indulgence in wit more or less like this has brought upon him the censure of certain petty critics. It appears however that his faculty was used, and not misused. Ridicule we regard a fair weapon if wielded fairly. Had Jerrold flung his sharp lightnings merely for his own sport, careless of the pain they caused, or had they been cast upon the weak and poor, or the wise and good, he might well have been censured. But this so keen wit was allied to a just and tender heart, and as these bright bolts struck only folly and wrong, impudence and wickedness, we must consider their use legitimate. His flashes of wit in colloquy seem to have been harmless as the lambent lightnings that laugh in the air of a summer night, and gave, his friends say, no pain to any one. Jerrold has been accused, too, very bitterly, of bitterness. The truth appears to be that he was a man who allied to a grand and frank sincerity a fiery sense of wrong done to others, and an exquisitely keen sympathy with his fellow beings. To his credit, then, let it be placed that the bitter injuries he saw done and suffered daily brought from him words of bitterness. The social cruelties that filled Shakspeare's *Lear* and *Timon* and *Hamlet* with concentrated wormwood, also wrought upon the generous nature of Jerrold. And in these days of dissimulation and half-truth, of meal in the mouth and coward falsehood, we cannot too much welcome the instance of a man who kept a mind of his own, and spoke it plainly and freely.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart;
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;
As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,—
Sparkled and spoke before us then!—*Moore.*

☞ GOD'S PROVIDENCE.—He who sends the storm steers the vessel.—*Adam.*

☞ The best prayers have often more groans than words.—*Bunyan.*

☞ Carlyle, in his new "Life of Frederick the Great," describes the works and labors of some of the Prussian historians, with ineffable humor. Thus one book is "an extremely inextricable piece, and requires mainly to be forgotten;" another is "edited by the nightmares;" another represents "printed blotches of human stupor." One authority has "the art of solemnly and with great labor doing nothing," and shows "a composed stupidity and cheerful infinitude of ignorance;" while, to sum up in a single comprehensive charge, not one of them "gives even an index."

THE SUN.

I marvel not, oh, sun, that unto thee
In adoration man should bow the knee,
And pour the prayer of mingled awe and love;
For like a God thou art, and on thy way
Of glory sheddest, with benignant ray,
Beauty and life and joyance from above.

—*Southey.*

☞ It is in the power of every man to preserve his probity; but no man living has it in his power to say that he can preserve his reputation, while there are so many evil tongues in the world, ready to blast the fairest character, and so many open ears ready to receive their reports.

☞ Young, the desire of pleasing renders women amiable; old, the desire of being loved induces them to be so.—*Sophie Pannier.*

☞ ANECDOTES OF BISHOP CORBET.—Riding once in a coach in a very dirty lane in wet weather with a Doctor Stubbins, who was one of his cronies, and a jolly fat doctor, he had a break-down, the results of which he described by saying that, on recovering his senses, he found Stubbins up to the elbows in mud, and himself up to the elbows in Stubbins. His chaplain, Doctor Lushington, was a very learned, ingenious man, and they loved one another. The Bishop would sometimes take the key of the wine-cellar, and he and his chaplain would sometimes lock themselves in and be merry; then first he lays down his hood, "there lies the Doctor;" then he puts off his gown, "there lies the Bishop!" then 'twas, "here's to thee, Corbet;" "here's to thee, Lushington."

☞ Heine says, each country has its peculiar cookery and its peculiar womankind—and contemplated from a high idealized standpoint, the women everywhere have a certain agreement with the cookery of the country. The English women, healthy, solid and natural, are like their food, and the French women all taste, grace and elegance like theirs.

☞ It is not always the grandest actions which are best adapted to the arts of poetry and paintings.—*Scott.*

☞ A PLEASANT COMPANION.—The Duchesse de Maine once frankly declared, "I am very fond of company, for I listen to no one, and every one listens to me."

☞ If a man will paint from nature he will be likely to amuse those who are daily looking at it.—*Scott.*

☞ It is not fair to conjecture that the troughs of the sea are filled only with sow-westers.—*Punch.*

☞ The vegetarian water-drinker may always be set down as a reformer, very tolerant in his theory, very intolerant in practice; while the beef-eating conservatist is very intolerant in theory and very tolerant in practice.—*Bishop Clarke.*

☞ A country lad says that his uncle Ben made a scarecrow so very frightful, that one of the black feathered thieves actually went and brought back all the corn he had stolen during several days.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A Torrent of Type—French Aversion to War—An Unfortunate Deputy—An Unpopular Prince—A Singular Scene—A Very Small Sheepfold—A New Lion—The Orthodox "La"—An Odd Invitation.

Paris, March 3, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

While Lord Cowley is probably endeavoring to discover, at Vienna, the bases on which it may be possible to effect a compromise between the two Emperors on whom the eyes of Europe are now fixed with so much anxiety, the deluge of pamphlets on the "peace or war" question continues as overwhelmingly as ever. Not much less than a score of these anonymous productions have already appeared, and all seem to be read by the public with equal eagerness. Some of them have actually sold as many as three editions on the day of publication, and all of them must have accomplished, what in most cases has probably been the leading aim of their authors in publishing, *i. e.*, the putting a few hundred francs into their respective pockets. Almost all of these publications are in favor of peace; though a few of them, by parties known to be ambitious of the Emperor's favor, have tried to convince an unwilling and unbelieving public that a war would be a blessing, as the best means of securing peace. It is certainly a favorable symptom, as showing that the one nation of Europe whose passion for playing with firebrands has hitherto been so dangerous to its neighbors, has begun to lose the taste for this species of excitement, that even those who most zealously urge an appeal to arms at this time in Italy, are obliged to do so only on the ground of the necessity of getting Italy tranquillized as a condition for future peace. Thus, a flaming red-hot affair that made its appearance, a few days since, as a champion of war against Austria, took the title, "War is Peace," setting forth the view that such war would be a blessing by removing an obstacle to that peaceful state of things that all desire. The fallaciousness of this argument, however, was demonstrated by a fresh pamphlet that made its appearance two days afterwards, and showed, under the opposition-title of "War is War," that war is, and can be, at best but a necessary evil, and not a means of progress and peace, which can be aided and consolidated only by measures of national and international improvement, possible only in conditions of internal tranquillity and general amity. The Emperor is said to be excessively amazed and disappointed at the all but universal reprobation with which his belligerent demonstrations have been received in France; while the active opposition of Germany, the vigorous efforts of England and Prussia in the cause of peace, and the knowledge that Russia, Spain, and the Scandinavian kingdoms will not stir a musket to help his dubious crusade, have doubtless tended to convince him that he was running off the track of his "mission" in thus rushing into war. Meantime, at the Pope's request (made, it is said, at the suggestion of Austria, who found she could not remain in the Legations, but would not consent to withdraw at the demand of France and Sardinia,) both France and Austria are to withdraw their troops from the Roman States. France has already begun evacuating Rome; and Austria will no doubt soon clear the Legations of her presence. But unless the Cardinals suddenly inaugurate the reforms which they have hitherto so obstinately refused, this step will probably only serve to hasten the conflagration. As an instance of the odd way in which the comic often gets mixed with the tragic in real life, I may mention how severely the risible muscles of the members of one of the deputations that have been lately waiting on the Emperor with addresses in deprecation of war, were tried on the occasion of the audience. The party were from some rural *commune*, not far from the foot of the Pyrenees, and composed of very unsophisticated folk. On the day of their audience, it happened to have rained a good deal, and the streets were dreadfully muddy. The deputation, too frugal to think of going to the palace otherwise than on foot, equipped themselves in galoches and leggings, in order to protect their lower extremities from the liquid horror of the streets, marched in a body to the Tuileries, took off their protecting integuments in the vestibule, and left the same in charge of the swarm of valets who, however, looked with evident disgust on the unusual objects thus confided to their care. Now it so happened that one foxy old farmer, not liking the supercilious smiles of the valets, and deeming his property safer in his own keeping, bethought him of stuffing his muddy leggings into his pockets, with a view to their better preservation; after which the party, being now quite ready, were ushered into the Imperial presence. While the address was being read by one of their number, the others of course listened to its eloquent periods with great admiration; and when it came to some rather strong touches about the horrors of war, widows, orphans, ruin, and so on, several of the deputies became so much affected, that they were obliged to have recourse to their handkerchiefs, the farmer who had taken such credit to himself for his precautions against the possible carelessness of the saucy valets below, being of the number, and in the hurry of his emotion, belaboring his unfortunate physiognomy with one of the muddy leggings, which he had pulled out of his pocket under the delusive impression of its being a handkerchief. His Imperial Majesty, whose eyes were closed, as is his wont, when others are looking at him, (but who is popularly believed to see as much with his eyes shut, as other people with their eyes open,) may, or may not, have been tried by a vision of the smeared countenance of the tearful liege before him; as to the "feelings" of the rest of the deputation, they are "more easily imagined than described!"

No one here can understand how it happens that Prince Napoleon, who has hitherto done everything that in him lay to annoy and thwart his Imperial relative, should all at once have changed his tactics, and become an intimate councillor of the man he has hitherto derided, and as far as in his power, set at defiance; and strange as is this sudden league, and the influence he is known to exert in the councils of the Emperor, it is a still stranger feature of the affair that Prince Napoleon still professes, and in the Emperor's presence, the most violent and subversive democratic and socialist doctrines. No longer ago than last Sunday, at the ceremony of the transcription of the marriage-deeds of Prince Napoleon and Princess Clotilde, when the Emperor and Empress were sitting in state, with all the princes and princesses of the Imperial Family, the Ministers, the Sardinian Ambassador, and all the great dignitaries of the Court, in the saloon of Louis XIV., to witness the transcription of the deed into the Register of the Imperial Family, Prince Napoleon took occasion to declaim in most energetic terms against the idea that treaties made by one generation ought to be binding on a subsequent one, and declared that no such considerations ought to prevent the Emperor from carrying out his intentions with regard to Italy. Count de Persigny opposed these views with equal warmth and boldness, and declared that he could never, as a devoted adherent of the Imperial dynasty, consent to aid in realising a system which would be fatal to the stability of government, render international relations impossible, and insure the downfall of the Imperial throne. The discussion, which is described as having been of the most animated and uncourtly character, was continued by the two antagonists for upwards of half an hour, in the presence of the Emperor and the Court. It would be difficult for a man to be more unpopular than is Prince Napoleon just now. He is detested by the Imperialists for the theories he professes, and equally detested by the Republicans for accepting the title of a Prince of the Blood, drawing an enormous pension as such, maintaining an almost regal establishment, and allying himself by marriage with the oldest reigning house of Europe; and now, as the most ardent and unscrupulous partizan of war, he has drawn upon himself universal detestation and distrust. So much, in fact, is he disliked even by the friends of the present *regime*, that a very large majority of the Legislative Chamber have determined, when the new Budget is submitted to the formality of their sanction, to demand the suppression of the new Ministry of Algeria which was recently created expressly for the Prince. Prince Napoleon, is, moreover, a thorough enemy of the priestly party; and has just given crowning offence to them by the rudeness of his reception of the new Bishop of Algiers, who waited on him a few days since, as the head of the Algerian Colony.

The Emperor Napoleon's admiring imitator, Soulouque, whose imprudent ambition has done for him what that of his potent prototype may one of these days accomplish *for him*, is coming to France to console himself for his downfall. It is said that he possesses, in the hands of the European bankers, not much less than a million sterling; besides which he has carried off a heavy sum of ready money, and a great quantity of jewels and other valuables. General Dessalines, who accompanied his sable ex-majesty in his flight from Port-au-Prince, has *just arrived* here, *charged with the* mission of preparing a suitable apartment for the reception of his master, whom he left in Jamaica, but who is to follow him shortly. If Soulouque is as rich as he is said to be, the Parisians will assuredly make much of him; but it is understood that his ex-majesty will not remain in Paris, but will purchase a magnificent estate either near Bordeaux, or in the neighborhood of some other city in the south of France, where he will doubtless contrive to pass his exile very pleasantly.

While potentates are thus tumbling from their "place of power," and all Europe is distracted with rumors of coming trouble, the Moniteur informs us that the Commission of Musicians from the different capitals of Europe, assembled for the purpose of deciding on a Unitary Diapason, has now terminated its work. The Commission, after explaining the inconvenience resulting from the continual ascension given to the pitch of stringed instruments (which become more brilliant the higher they are screwed up) and the injurious influence of this ascension upon the voice of singers, which are obliged to mount with the ascent of the diapason, proposes to consider the true *la* as being fixed at 870 vibrations to the second. This diapason—whose adoption will necessitate a descent of nearly a tone from the "pitch" now in vogue—is to be adopted at all the Government schools and in the opera-orchestras, which are here under the immediate control of the Government. The new diapason will not be made obligatory except in Institutions dependent on the Government; but as the Paris Opera is the centre and arbiter of musical affairs for the rest of the world, its adoption here will doubtless be found to necessitate its adoption everywhere else: as the great composers will now write with reference to it, and each range of voices being the same all the world over, it will be necessary for musical instruments to bring themselves into harmony with the voices, and with the musical productions composed for them.

Your readers no doubt remember how, at the close of the Universal Exhibition of 1855, Prince Napoleon went on a cruising expedition, accompanied by a number of savans and artists in the Northern Seas, whence he brought back a very valuable collection of birds' eggs and feathers (the largest extant), canoes, instruments, implements, dresses, samples of manufactures, manuscripts, &c., which has just been arranged in the pretty little Palace in the Champs Elysees, which he has made a present of to his young wife, as a sort of retiring-place for her when she wishes for a day's quiet in the midst of the court ceremony and gaiety with which she is surrounded. It appears that Lord Dufferin, in his famous fast-sailing yacht, joined the Prince's little fleet, and accompanied its wanderings for some time; after which he took leave of his French companions, and went on to Spitzbergen, where he landed at English Bay. The island, which is uninhabited, and only occasionally visited by fishermen and eider-down collectors, was an utter solitude. Lord Dufferin, before leaving its inhospitable banks, deposited his card in a tin box secured under a pyramidal heap of stones; the card invited whoever should be its finder to a good dinner in his lordship's ancestral home. This invitation remained for four years unnoticed; but has just been found by the Swedish Magister Sorrell, who, in company with Nordenskjold and Herr Oversmerstedt, a student from Finland, having undertaken a scientific expedition from Hammerfest to Spitzbergen, discovered the tin box, and now intends, as we learn from the Scandinavian papers, to go to Ireland next Spring expressly to present Lord Dufferin with his card, and to avail himself of the invitation so curiously obtained. QUANTUM.

AN "EGYPTIAN" ANECDOTE.

The Rosetta Stone has recently been a subject of much interest here, owing to the precocious genius of three youthful Champollions, (whose labors are really creditable—in an artistic point of view,) and in looking over their book, the other day, we were reminded of an anecdote of the veritable Champollion, which has never seen the light, in type, on this side of the "big pond," at least, and which is quite funny (and no less true than funny) as affording a specimen of—what? Let our readers judge by the sequel. Here is the story:

There dwelt in Paris, some twenty years ago, (and may dwell there yet for all we know to the contrary,) a distinguished amateur of hieroglyphs, named M. Denon. Mr. D. was the indefatigable collector of Egyptian "screeds," which he caused to be sent him—on papyrus—from all the Pyramids, Sphynxes, &c., and which he afterwards had copied in handsome volumes, by a clever artist named Maschereau, but who knew nothing whatever—and cared less—about the meaning of these mystic symbols. One day, M. Denon received a new "papyrus" covered with elaborate picture-writings, and hurrying off to his painter-friend, without attempting to decipher them, he said, "Maschereau, my dear fellow, I want you to do me a great favor. Champollion, the great Champollion, comes to dine with me this evening. Now here is a hieroglyph I have just received; it is very much torn and defaced, and I want you to copy it clearly for me between this and dinner-time, that I may surprise M. Champollion, and get him to read it at table."

Maschereau was poor and M. Denon paid well; so he promised, and went to work, while his patron went off to market. But, alas! scarcely had the poor painter got one fellow with a buzzard's neck fairly drawn, when, horrible to relate! he upset the inkstand right upon the precious papyrus, utterly obliterating the entire collection of impossible monsters that figured thereon.

Maschereau was in despair. He washed, and wiped, and scratched the papyrus, in vain! Not a monster could he make out! For some moments he was plunged in a stupor of fear and horror, for his very bread and butter were at the mercy of M. Denon. At length, however, his very extremity gave him courage, and a brilliant idea suggested itself to him. "After all," said he to himself, "what is the difference between hieroglyph and hieroglyph? Here have I been copying them for ten years, and they are all nothing but the same string of men *with birds' heads and wings, sphynxes, ibises,* scarabœi, asses, *&c., &c.* I don't believe M. Champollion can tell the difference between the genuine and the bogus. At any rate, I am *sure* that M. Denon will kick me out of doors if I tell him what has happened to his papyrus. Hang it! 'sa well be killed for a sheep as a lamb;' I'll make him a hieroglyph *a la Maschereau*, with a double quantity of ibises, crocodiles, bird's beaks, bulls, &c. Perhaps M. Champollion won't come, after all." This soliloquy over, the artist went to work, and drew a magnificent collection of Egyptian monsters, of the most accurate monstrosity, and having finished them, took them to his patron's house, with this final consoling reflection—"Any how, at the worst, I can swear this is a correct copy of the papyrus—which is illegible—and it isn't my fault if the author wrote in an obscure manner."

M. Denon received the drawing in ecstacies, and insisted on Maschereau's staying to dinner. The painter was forced to accept, still hoping the mighty Champollion would not arrive. But he did, and at dessert, M. Denon said: "Now, Maschereau, go and fetch that—you know what."

The poor painter, with pale face and trembling knees, brought in the wonderful drawing, and, handing it to M. Champollion, stood like a criminal, awaiting the almost inevitable detection of his fraud. What was his surprise and joy, when the great decipherer of Hieroglyphics, after a long and serious scrutiny of the portfolio, began, gravely and learnedly, to explain and translate the crocodiles, ibises, bulls, asses, &c., of Maschereau, into excellent and lucid French—in short, to read clearly, and unhesitatingly a hieroglyph, which meant nothing whatever, unless it were the artistic skill and ingenuity of the French artist.

As we said before, we leave the *moral* to the discrimination of our readers.

Why the King of Naples is Called Bomba.—The name Bomba is often misinterpreted as having some allusion to bombardments. It is not so. In Italy, when you tell a man a thing which he knows to be false, or when he wishes to convey to you the idea of the utter worthlessness of anything or person, he puffs out his cheek like a bagpiper's in full blow, smites it with his forefinger, and allows the pent breath to explode, with the acclamation "Bomb-a." I have witnessed the gesture and heard the sound. Hence, after 1849, when regal oaths in the name of the Most Holy Trinity were found to be as worthless as a beggar's in the name of Bacchus or the Madonna, when Ferdinand was perceived to be a worthless liar, his quick-witted people whispered his name. He was called King Bomba, King Puffcheek, King Liar, King Knave. The name and his character were then so much in harmony that it spread widely, and have been so much in harmony ever since, that he has retained it until now, and will retain it, I suppose, until he is bundled into his unhonored grave.—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ A great many people gain credit for wisdom on the ground of what they never say,—who shake their heads doubtfully, and say with a wise air, "There's a great deal to be said on both sides of the question,"—and possess the reputation for judgment, because they never give judgment.—*Bishop Clarke.*

MR. BROWN'S MISHAPS.

Mr. Eliphalet Brown was a bachelor of thirty-five or thereabouts; one of those men who seem to be born to pass through the world alone. Save this peculiarity, there was nothing to distinguish Mr. Brown from the multitude of other Browns who are born, grow up and die in this world of ours.

It chanced that Mr. Brown had occasion to visit a town some fifty miles distant, on matters of business. It was his first visit to the place, and he proposed stopping for a day, in order to give himself an opportunity to look about.

Walking leisurely along the street, he was all at once accosted by a child of five years, who ran up to him exclaiming,

"Father, I want you to buy me some more candy."

"Father!" was it possible that he, a bachelor, was addressed by that title? He could not believe it.

"Who were you speaking to, my dear?" he inquired of the little girl.

"I spoke to you, father," said the little one, surprised.

"Really," thought Mr. Brown," "this is embarrassing."

"I am not your father, my dear," he said, "what is your name?"

The child laughed heartily, evidently thinking it a good joke.

"What a funny father you are," she said; "but you are going to buy me some candy."

"Yes, yes, I'll buy you a pound if you won't call me father any more," said Brown, nervously.

The little girl clapped her hands with delight. The promise was all she remembered.

Mr. Brown proceeded to a confectionary store, and actually bought a pound of candy, which he placed in the hands of the little girl.

In coming out of the store they encountered the child's mother.

"Oh, mother," said the little girl, "just see how much candy father has bought for me!"

"You shouldn't have bought her so much at a time, Mr. Jones," said the lady, "I'm afraid she will make herself sick. But how did you get home so quick? I did not expect you till night."

"Jones—I—madame," said the embarrassed Mr. Brown, "it's all a mistake; I ain't Jones at all. It isn't my name. I am Eliphalet Brown, of W———, and this is the first time I ever came into this city."

"Good heavens! Mr. Jones, what has put this silly tale into your head? You have concluded to change your name, have you? perhaps it's your intention to change your wife?"

Mrs. Jones's tone was now defiant, and tended to increase Mr. Brown's embarrassment.

"I haven't any wife, madame; I never had any. On my word as a gentleman, never was married."

"And do you intend to palm this tale off upon me!" said Mrs. Jones, with excitement. "If you are not married, I'd like to know who I am?"

"I have no doubt you are a most respectable lady," said Mr. Brown, "and I conjecture, from what you have said, that your name is Jones; but mine is Brown, madame, and always was."

"Melinda," said her mother, suddenly taking her child by the arm, and leading her to Mr. Brown, "Melinda, who is this gentleman?"

"Why, that's father," was the child's immediate reply, as she confidingly placed her hand in his.

"You hear that, Mr. Jones, do you? You hear what the innocent child says, and yet you have the unblushing impudence to deny that you are my husband! The voice of nature speaking through the child, should overwhelm you. I should like to know, if you are not her father, why you are buying candy for her? I would like for you to answer that. But I presume you never saw her before in your life?"

"I never did. On my honor I never did. I told her I would give her the candy if she wouldn't call me father any more."

"You did, did you? Bribed your child not to call you father? Oh, Mr. Jones, that is infamous! Do you intend to desert me, sir, and leave me to the cold charities of the world? And this is your first step?"

Mrs. Jones was so overcome, that, without any warning she fell back upon the sidewalk in a fainting fit.

Instantly a number of persons ran to her assistance.

"Is your wife subject to fainting in this way?" asked the first comer, of Brown.

"I don't know," said Mr. Brown. "She isn't my wife. I don't know anything about her."

"Why, it's Mrs. Jones, ain't it?"

"Yes, but I'm not Mr. Jones."

"Sir," said the first speaker, sternly, "this is no time to jest. I trust that you are not the cause of the excitement which must have occasioned your wife's fainting fit. You had better call a coach and carry her home directly."

Poor Brown was dumbfounded.

I wonder, thought he, whether it's possible that I'm Mr. Jones without knowing it. Perhaps I'm really Jones, and have gone crazy, in consequence of which I fancy that my name is Brown. And yet I don't think I'm Jones. In spite of all I will insist my name is Brown.

"Well, sir, what are you waiting for? It is necessary that your wife should be removed at once. Will you order a carriage?"

Brown saw there was no use to prolong the discussion by a denial. He therefore, without contesting the point, ordered a hackney coach to the spot.

Mr. Brown accordingly lent an arm to Mrs. Jones, who had somewhat recovered, and was about to close the door upon her.

"Why, are you not going yourself?"

"Why, no, why should I?"

"Your wife should not go alone, she has hardly recovered."

Brown gave a despairing glance at the crowd around him, and deeming it useless to make opposition where so many seemed thoroughly convinced that he was Mr. Jones, followed the lady in.

"Where shall I drive?" said the whip.

"I—I—I—don't know," said Mr. Brown. "Where would you wish to be carried?"

"Home, of course," murmured Mrs. Jones.

"I do not know," said Mr. Brown.

"No. 19 H——— Street," said the gentleman already introduced, glancing contemptuously at Brown.

"Will you help me out, Mr. Jones?" said the lady. "I am not fully recovered from the fainting fit in which you cruelly drove me!"

"Are you quite sure that I am Mr. Jones?" asked Brown with some anxiety.

"Of course," said Mrs. Jones.

"Then," said he, resigned, "I suppose I am. But if you will believe me, I was firmly convinced this morning that my name was Brown, and to tell the truth I haven't any recollection of this house."

Brown helped Mrs. Jones into the parlor, but good heavens, conceive the astonishment of all, when a man was discovered seated in an arm chair, who was the very fac simile of Mr. Jones in form, feature, and every other respect!

"Gracious!" exclaimed the lady, "which—which is my husband?"

An explanation was given, the mystery cleared up, and Mr. Brown's pardon sought for the embarrassing mistake. It was freely accorded by Mr. Brown, who was quite delighted to think that after all he was not Mr. Jones, with a wife and child to boot.

Mr. Brown has not since visited the place where this "Comedy of Errors" happened. He is afraid of his identity.

THE RUSSIAN FATHER.

A Siberian Cossack, fifty years of age, who had already killed thirty-nine bears, went out to kill the fortieth, accompanied by his son, a young man of twenty, and armed with his rifle instead of a knife. He had taken these precautions because the fortieth bear is generally supposed to be fatal to the sportsman, and avenge his nine and-thirty brethren. The reason for this is very simple, the huntsman believing the myth misses his bear, but the bear does not miss him. Well, then, the Cossack set out with his son, but instead of finding a bear, they came across a magnificent leopard. The young man, who had never before seen so formidable an animal, was terrified, and when the leopard attacked his father, instead of assisting him, he ran away. The Cossack, with the coolness of an old hunter, waited till the animal was twenty paces from him, and fired. The animal made a gigantic leap and fell dead.

The Cossack turned to his son to see if, on the sound of firing, he would not come back; but the young man did not even turn his head: he continued to fly.

Then the Cossack reloaded his gun, put his knife between his teeth, and went up to the animal. He took off the skin, and went home very thoughtful. His meditations were grave: he was asking himself what punishment the coward deserved who quitted his friend in the moment of danger. And he added:

"The son who abandons a father is more than a coward: he is a traitor."

When he reached home he had quite decided. He went to his son, who had shut himself up in his room, and ordered him to open the door.

The young man obeyed, and fell at his father's feet.

But the father, without giving any reason, ordered him to take a pick and follow him; he also took one himself.

He led his son about a quarter of a verst from the house, and then traced on the ground a space of six feet long by three wide: then he began breaking up the ground, making a sign for his son to do the same.

The young man, who had no idea what he was doing, set to work. At the end of two hours they had dug a hole in which a man could lie down.

"That is well," said the father, rising, "now say thy prayer."

The young man began to understand. Yet there was such decision in the accent with which the words were pronounced that he attempted no resistance.

He fell on his knees and prayed.

The father granted him time to say his prayer; then he measured the distance from which he had fired on the leopard, aimed at his son, and lodged a ball in his head, just at the spot where he had struck the animal.

The young man fell stone dead. The father laid him in the grave, covered him with earth, then, dressing himself in his Sunday clothes, went and told the judge all that had occurred. He was sent to prison, and ordered to await the judgment of the Governor-General. He obeyed with perfect calmness. The Governor ordered the following sentence:

"For three days and nights the father will hold on his knees his son's head, separated from the body. If he dies, or goes mad, it will be the judgment of Heaven. If he survives it, he will have judged, not according to the wrath of man, but the conscience of a father."

The judgment was made known to the old Cossack, who performed the task with perfect tranquillity, and was immediately set at liberty. He reached the age of eighty, killed his fortieth bear without any misadventure, and after that a great number of others. He died in 1851, without evincing the slightest remorse. —*Alexander Dumas.*

The man whose hardy spirit shall engage
To lash the vices of a guilty age,
At his first setting forward ought to know
That every rogue he meets must be his foe;
That the rude breath of satire will provoke
Many who feel, and more who fear the stroke.
—*Churchill.*

☞ Talking of the universal demand for fees prevalent among the Russians, and known by the name of *satchay*, or tea-money, Dumas mentions as a Russian tradition that when the Sclavon was first made he turned to his Creator and said, "Excellency, some drink-money, if you please."

ARABIAN HORSE TAMING.

"The only method of making horses infallibly docile," says General Daumas, "is, according to the Arabs, to give them riders of a weight corresponding to their strength at the very earliest age. The existence of the Arab horse is perpetual movement; he is never at rest; he goes far and wide for his rider's purposes, far and wide even to fetch his own food; farther and wider still, very often, to fetch his drink. But this makes him like his master, abstemious and indefatigable; and this is the kind of apprenticeship which makes him, in moments of emergency, capable of incredible efforts. * * * At eighteen months old, a child leads the foal to grass, or to the water, wherever that may be, or mounts him with an easy, soft mule-bridle. This exercise suits both—the horse grows gentle, and the child grows up to know how to ride. This is the principal cause of the possibility which the Arab possesses of assuring you with truth, that 'he has to learn what is the meaning of a restive horse.'"

By the way, Mr. Rarey's much-vaunted system of horse-training has light thrown on it in the pages of General Daumas. The "*Cavalier-type*," as the French call him, the rider who indubitably, in modern times, as nearly as possible, realizes the existence of the fabled Centaur of the ancients, never admits of the practice known in all other parts of the world, under the denomination of "*horse breaking.*" The Arabs "*breaks in*" no horses, nor would dream of such a proceeding. He "educates" the animal, so that he shall never stand in need of being "broken in;" and he lays down as a principle *never* to be violated, the "avoidance of any of those struggles between the horse and his rider which, supposing even the latter to be victorious, make the man's victory possible only at the expense of the horse's best qualities." At two years and a-half a full grown man mounts the young horse. But for a considerable time he never goes *beyond a foot's space*, and he is only required to be gentle. His bit is the lightest imaginable; his rider has no spurs; under his hand is only a mere twig, which he tries *never to* use.

"In this way," says the General, "he goes to market, visit his friends, inspects his pasture land and flocks, and sees to his affairs, requiring only from his companion obedience and docility, both of which he usually obtains by speaking to the horse in a loud, kind tone, but never showing anger, and never provoking resistance. * * * * At the age of three, or between that and four years, somewhat more is demanded from the horse, whose food is now very abundant. Spurs are then used for the first time; and to docility it is necessary he should add boldness. This is easy too; for the numerous beasts of all kinds that, in the *Douar*, have been life-long his companions in the day, have used him to every species of noise; besides which he has heard the hootings and howlings of the wild animals that prowl round the tents at night, and that ceaseless firing of pistols and guns that is quite inseparable from his master's every-day existence; all of which makes it hard to frighten or take a horse by surprise."

TWO SPEECHES.

It was not long after Mr. Jefferson became President that Mr. Brent appeared in the field against Lewis. Mr. Brent's political life was ended in 1811, because, as a Senator from Virginia, he voted for the renewal of the charter of the old Bank of the United States in defiance of the instructions of the Legislature of his State.

Lewis told me many years after the event that an immense crowd convened on the Sabbath before the election in the German settlement to witness the contest between Brent and himself. After the services were ended, Brent arose, and with all the powers of a rich and gorgeous eloquence, depicted in glowing terms the enchanting beauties of republicanism, the rising glories of our country under the prosperous administration of Mr. Jefferson, that our commerce whitened every sea, and our yeomen, mechanics, merchants, and professional men were all enjoying the smiles of fortune and growing wealthy under the benign influence of equal and constitutional laws.

Some of the friends of Lewis (who had come there expressly to prevent his being crushed by the superior power of Brent) were alarmed for his safety. Not so with Lewis, who was a plain and poorly-educated man, read no books, scarcely ever spoke in Congress, but who was gifted with a strong, clear, powerful intellect, and above all, an intimate, profound knowledge of human nature—his temper perfectly unruffled in every position—calm and self-possessed in difficulty and danger.

He arose and said:

"Old friends and neighbors. You all know me. I can not compete with my opponent in speaking, but can tell the truth.

"He depends on Mr. Jefferson's good fortune. Now, suppose one of you farmers cut down and clear a piece of woods—grub up the stumps—plough and sow the soil, and another man at harvest comes in and reaps the grain. Which of these persons deserves most credit?"

"Why, be sure, he who cleared the soil and sowed the grain," said the whole Dutch congregation, in one universal chorus.

"Well, just so with Mr. Jefferson. Washington cleared the field—Jefferson slips in and gets all the credit."

The work was done. Mr. Brent's fine speech was torn into atoms. He tried to answer, but the entire assembly rose in a body and refused to listen. "We want to hear no more lies," ran through the church. Lewis was elected, and continued, in the House of Representative until 1817, when Mercer was elected in opposition to General Mason.

☞ St. Francis de Sales being consulted by a lady as to the propriety of wearing rouge, replied:—"Some persons may object to it, and some may see no harm in it; I take a middle course, and will allow you to wear it—on one cheek."

☞ Rough intellects, which *cuff* the people to gain attention, are pretty sure to be acknowledged and esteemed; but gentle spirits may live and die unknown and unappreciated.

THE MYSTERIOUS DEATHS AT CASTELLANE.

FROM THE RECORDS OF A FRENCH DETECTIVE.

I had some renown as a successful rogue-catcher; and I had some experience, too. My field of operations, as a usual thing, lay within the confines of the Department of the Lower Alps; and though I served under the Sub-Prefect of the Third Arrondisement, yet the Prefect of the Department called upon me when he chose. One morning—it was in the latter part of May—I received a note from the Prefect, ordering me to come to Digne, and see him with all possible despatch. The missive came through the office of our Sub-Prefect, so I had nothing to do but get ready and start. I took an early dinner; assumed the dress of a peasant; browned my face and hands, and set forth. I reached Digne just at nightfall, and as soon as it was dark I waited upon the Prefect. He seemed to be relieved when he saw me, and at once took me to his private closet.

"Now," said I, "have you got work for me?"

"Yes," he replied. "Sit down and listen."

We sat down, and having tasted a glass of wine, he proceeded:

"Within a few months past, there have been some of the most mysterious murders committed in this Department, and in the Department of Var that have ever come under my notice. They are done, mostly, on the road from Castellane to Aups. The first victim was a Marseilles merchant, who had come up to Castellane to purchase preserved fruits. His body was found by the roadside, near the line between the two Departments; and at first it was supposed that he must have fallen there and died in a fit, as no mark of violence could be found upon him. His pockets had been rifled, however. The next one was found near Annot, and under the same circumstances. He was a merchant also, and from Nice. Since then five or six more have died upon the road in the same mysterious way; and no marks of illusage have been found upon any of them; but they have all been robbed."

"Have most of them stopped in Castellane?" I asked.

The Prefect told me that they had.

"And I suppose they must have put up at some inn there?" I remarked.

"Yes," said the Prefect.

I then supposed that some of the landlords must be concerned. But my companion informed me that they had been narrowly watched, and that no shadow of evidence rested against them.

"But," said I, "is there not some poison in this matter? Some innkeeper may administer the potion, and then send an accomplice after the victim."

"No," returned the Prefect with a shake of the head. "Experienced physicians have examined the stomachs of several of the dead men, but no trace of poison has been found. It is a mysterious affair. The Sub-Prefect has done all he could, but without effect; and now we mean to give the whole thing into your hands. You must go to Castellane at once, and there you can get such further information as the Sub-Prefect can give you."

After conferring a while longer with the Prefect, he let me have a suit of ordinary tradesman's clothing; and thus habited, I went to a hotel and put up for the night. In the morning I procured a horse and set out, reaching Castellane before noon. During the day I pretended to be doing business. I went to the woollen factory and examined a lot of stuff; and also visited several places where preserved fruits were put up. I learned that most of the people who came there on business stopped at an inn kept by a man named Juan Fontaix; so I left my horse there, and engaged lodgings.

After dark I called upon the Sub-Prefect. He told me that he had used all the means within his power, but had been able to gain no clue to the guilty party. Most of the murdered victims had been from Marseilles, and the excitement in that city was intense. Gendarmes had been sent out upon all the roads, and secret police had also been upon the watch. The last victim had fallen only four days before, and the deed was done fifteen minutes after the policemen had passed the spot.

I asked the Sub-Prefect if he had any suspicions. He answered that all the suspicion he had held, was fastened upon Juan Fontaix, the innkeeper. Nearly all the murdered men had stopped at his house, and he must have known something of their business.

I bade the officer keep perfectly quiet, and not even to let one of his own men know of my presence. Then I returned to the inn, and finally entered into a conversation with my host upon the subject of the mysterious deaths.—He pronounced it wonderful, and assured me that it had injured him more than he could tell.

"Parbleu!" he muttered, "they'll be suspecting me next, if they have not done so already!"

I was soon satisfied that Juan Fontaix knew nothing of the guilty party. He was very fearful, and at times blanched and trembled at the thought of being apprehended for the crime.—Most people would have seen in this signs of guilt; but I thought differently.

I spent all of the next day in the town, ostensibly engaged in business with the factories, but in reality hunting after some clue to the object of my mission. Night came again; but I had found nothing new. I was perfectly satisfied that the murderer had laid his plans so deeply that no circumstantial clue could be found. If I would find him, I must catch him with the proof upon him.

I had given an assumed name at the inn, and stated that I belonged to Toulon. On the next morning I called for my bill, and informed my host that I was off for home. Then I went to the fruit preserver's, and told him the same, stating that I must confer with my partner before I concluded my bargain. After this I went to the woollen factory, and saw the business agent. His name was Louis Cazaubon, and he had come to Castellane about a year before.—He seemed to be a straightforward, business man, and yet he was the only one I had seen whom I really wished to suspect. In conversing upon the murders, he had been a little too free and off-handed, treating the subject more coolly than a man with a heart would be apt to do. But still I had, thus far, been able to find nothing against him. On the present occasion I told him, as I had told the others, that I must return to Toulon.

"If you have not the ready money with you, we can give you credit," he said.

I told him I had plenty of money, but I was not fully prepared to pay the prices he had demanded. He said, "Very well;" and added, that he should be happy to sell to me when I came again. I bade him good-day, and then departed. As soon as I was alone, I began to suspect Monsieur Louis Cazaubon in earnest. When I told him that I had money, but did not purchase, because he charged me too much, why didn't he banter me? Simply because he wished me to leave town with my money in my pocket. At least, so it appeared to me. This was sufficient ground for me to work upon, and I resolved to watch the man a little while; so I rode to an out-of-the-way place, and left my horse, and then returned and concealed myself in a position where I could see the movements of Louis Cazaubon. In a few minutes he came out from his factory, and walked away. His step was hurried and eager. I felt sure that he was not the man who did the direct work of death. The plot was deeper than that, or he would have been discovered ere this. So I resolved to wait a while and see if he returned. I would have followed him, if I could have done so with safety; but he might have detected me, and that would not do. However, in less than fifteen minutes he came. He walked now with a sober, innocent air. It seemed to say—"Oh! I haven't been up to any mischief, as you can see!"

I saw Cazaubon at his desk again, and then I returned to my horse. I knew that I had a risk to run now, but I was ready for it. If the factory agent was at the bottom of the crime, and meant to have me robbed, he had already set his machinery in motion, and the next development would be upon the road. I examined my pistols, and then left the town, taking the road along the river, towards Aups.

At the end of half an hour I came to the slopes of the Barjols mountains, and soon afterwards entered the wood. I now began to be very careful, and keep my eyes about me. I will not say that I was wholly without fear; for the mysterious manner in which the murders had been done, verged so closely upon the marvellous, that a sort of superstitious dread attached to it. Had the victims been shot, or run through with a sword, or had their throats cut, I should have felt no sort of dread. But this was new ground. Death had come here, nobody knew how. It might have come from an invisible hand, and in dead silence. Yet, when I reasoned upon the subject, I felt sure that the murderer must approach very near to his victim ere the blow was struck, since it must be some direct and powerful agent that could cause death in so strange a manner.

I had crossed the little cascade of Saint Esprit, and was descending a short, steep hillside, when I saw a boy by the roadside, at the foot of the descent, engaged in whipping a mule. He was a slightly built fellow, not more than fifteen years of age, and his coarse garments were covered with meal. I knew that there was a mill upon a branch of the Verdon, not far back, and I supposed he might be the miller's boy. As I came nearer, I saw a large sack upon the ground, close by where the mule stood.

"What's the matter, my boy?" I asked, as I drew up near him.

"This ugly mule has thrown both me and my bag of corn from his back," the boy answered.

"Are you hurt?" I continued.

"My left shoulder is hurt," he said, "and I can't lift this sack again. If Monsieur would help me, I would be very grateful."

Until this moment the idea of suspecting the boy had not entered my head; but the suspicion flashed upon me now. He was altogether too keen a looking fellow for a miller's apprentice. He gave me a glance from a pair of quick, sharp eyes, that meant more than he had spoken. And then, if I had not been very much mistaken, I had seen him holding his mule firmly with that left hand.

I leaped from my saddle, and moved towards the boy, being careful to watch his every movement.

"Now," said he, "if you will take hold of that end, we will put it on." He lifted at the other end, and pretended that it hurt his shoulder; and he begged of me to lift it on alone.

I professed to be willing to comply, and stooped down for that purpose, keeping my head in such a position that I could watch him by a sideleng glance. As I bent over and took hold of the sack, I saw him carry his hand to his bosom, and draw something out. I saw his dark eye flash, and heard his quick, eager breathing. In an instant I seized his wrist, and bent it upward, and as I did so, I heard a sharp report, like the explosion of a percussion cap, and saw a tiny wreath of smoke curl up from the hand I held. He struggled to free himself from my grasp, but I held him with a grip of iron, and fastened my gaze upon him.

"I've found you, have I?" I said, drawing one of my pistols, and cocking it. "I will simply inform you, that I am an officer of the Prefecture, and that I have been hunting for you. Just offer a particle more of resistance, and a bullet goes through your brain! Now give me that weapon."

The boy was frightened, and trembled violently.

"It is only a tobacco-pipe," he said, as he handed it to me.

And certainly, it looked like nothing more; but I had seen enough of it to know that evil was in it. It appeared to me to be an ordinary meerschaum pipe, the bowl being colored as though by long use—only the amber mouthpiece was missing. I did not stop to examine it then, but turned my attention to its owner. I saw that he was still trembling with fear, and I knew that now would be the time to work upon him.

"So you are selling your soul to Monsieur Louis Cazaubon!" I remarked by way of letting him know that I was thoroughly informed.

He started, and I saw very plainly that he knew just what I meant; but he tried to recover himself, and clumsily asserted that he did not know anything about the individual I had named.

"You needn't lie to me," I sternly replied, "for I know all about it. Louis Cazaubon has been watched by me when he didn't dream of such a thing. He thought I was a tradesman. But you are young, and I would save you. Confess everything to me, and I promise you that your life shall be spared."

I saw that the boy wavered, and I followed up my advantage; and ere long I had him bent to my wishes. I made him understand that I held his life in my hands; that I could protect him from the vengeance of any one whom he might criminate; and that he had everything to gain, and nothing to lose, by a full confession. He came to it gradually and reluctantly; but my wit finally triumphed, and I gained the secret.

His name, he said, was Henry Dupin. He was born in Paris, but never knew who his parents were. He went to live with Cazaubon when quite young, and had been with him ever since. He said Cazaubon used to be a chemist, and did some business in that line; and it was in Paris that he invented the infernal machine, which they had since used with such fatal effect. About two years previous to the present time they left Paris together, and spent nearly a year in travelling over the kingdom, murdering and robbing for a living. Finally they came to Castellane, where the master obtained his present situation, while the boy went into a mill close at hand. Cazaubon marked the victims that were to be robbed, and the boy then did the work. He used various artifices in carrying out his plan, but the usual one was the same that he had tried upon me.

The boy then explained to me the secret of the pipe. Only the outer surface was of meerschaum. Within it was a pistol of the finest steel, and of the most exquisite workmanship. The stem was the barrel, and the lock was concealed within the bowl, and covered with tobacco. A thin plate of metal protected the curiously contrived lock, and upon this the tobacco rested. A pressure of the thumb or finger upon this plate discharged the weapon. In order to cock it, the plate had to be removed. And now comes the *infernal* feature of the contrivance. The powder used in the little barrel was Cazaubon's own manufacture, and very powerful. For a wad a piece of felt was used, and on the top of this was placed the missile which did the mischief. The boy had two of them with him, stitched up in the lining of his cap. He took them out and showed them to me. This projectile was a tiny arrow, not larger than a cambric needle, with one end sharp, and the other beat down to a thin feather. It was of fine steel, but coated with a greenish yellow substance, which was the most virulent and speedy poison that the chemist's art could concoct. That needle once within the course of the blood, and death was already at the heart. Its wound no mortal eye could detect. It punctured the skin not so palpably as the prick of a pin. He who sent it on its fatal errand made sure of his aim, generally striking the neck, and the victim would fall into insensibility ere he could comprehend what had hurt him.

I returned to Castellane with the boy; and having left him in charge of the Sub-Prefect, I took a gendarme along with me, and went to the factory. Monsieur Cazaubon was surprised to see me back so soon; but he was more surprised when I asked him to take a walk with me; and when I called in the gendarme, and bade him put the hand-cuffs upon the agent, he was ready to sink to the floor. We had him secured before he had sense enough to resist, and he was conveyed to the office of the Sub-Prefect without trouble. At first he denied everything; but when he found that this would not avail him, he swore he would kill the boy.

In due time Monsieur Louis Cazaubon was tried and condemned to death; and the Prefect of Digne took possession of the infernal machine. Before the villain was executed he confessed his crimes—told how many years he had worked to perfect his fatal instrument, and produce the poison—and also owned that the boy Henry had been driven to help him through fear of his life.

So the rascal was executed. Henry Dupin spent two years in confinement, and was then set free, and commenced an honest life. As for me, I got all the praise I deserved, and perhaps more. At all events, I had done the country some service, and the people were not slow to acknowledge it.

LIFE AMONG THE ARABS.—An Arab, entering a house, removes his shoes, but not his hat. He mounts his horse upon the *right* side, while his wife milks the cow upon the left side. Writing a letter, he puts all the compliments on the outside. With him, the point of a pin is its *head*, whilst its head is made its *heel*. His head must be wrapped up warm, even in summer, while his feet may well enough go naked in winter. Every article of merchandise which is liquid he weighs; but he measures wheat, barley, and a few other articles. He reads and writes from right to left. He eats almost nothing for breakfast, about as much for dinner; but, after the work of the day is done, he sits down to a hot meal swimming in oil, or, better still, boiled butter. His sons eat with him; but the females of the house wait till his lordship has done. He rides his donkey when travelling, his wife walking behind. He laughs at the idea of walking in the street with his wife, or of ever vacating his seat for a woman. He knows no use for chairs, tables, knives, forks, nor even spoons, unless they are wooden ones. Bedsteads, bureaus, fireplaces may be put in the same category. If he be an artisan, he does his work sitting, perhaps using his toes to hold what his hands are engaged upon. He drinks cold water like a sponge; but he never bathes in it, unless his home be on the seashore. He is rarely seen drunk, too seldom speaks the truth, is deficient in affection for his kindred, has little curiosity, and no imitation, no wish to improve his mind, no desire to surround himself with the comforts of life. Such are some of the peculiarities of Arab life.

☞ It is our duty not only to scatter benefits, but even to strew flowers for the sake of our fellow-travellers in the pathways of this wretched world.—*Chesterfield.*

MADAME LA MARQUISE.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.*

The folds of her wine-dark violet dress
Glow over the sofa, fall on fall,
As she sits in the air of her loveliness
With a smile for each and for all.

Half of her exquisite face in the shade
Which o'er it the screen in her soft hand flings;
Through the gloom glows her hair in its odorous braid;
In the firelight are sparkling her rings.

As she leans,—the slow smile half shut up in her eyes
Beams the sleepy, long, silk-soft lashes beneath;
Thro' her crimson lips, stirr'd by her faint replies,
Breaks one gleam of her pearl-white teeth.

As she leans,—where your eye by her beauty subdued
Droops—from under warm fringes of broidery white
The slightest of feet—silken-slipper'd, protrude,
For one moment, then slip out of sight.

As I bend o'er her bosom, to tell her the news,
The faint scent of her hair, the approach of her cheek,
The vague warmth of her breath, all my senses suffuse
With HERSELF: and I tremble to speak.

So she sits in the curtain'd, luxurious light
Of that room, with its porcelain, and pictures, and flowers,
When the dark day's half done, and the snow flutters white,
Past the windows in feathery showers.

All without is so cold,—'neath the low leaden sky!
Down the bald, empty street, like a ghost, the gend'arme
Stalks surly: a far distant carriage hums by:—
All within is so bright and so warm!

Her warm hand, at parting, so strangely thrill'd mine,
That at dinner I scarcely remark what they say,—
Drop the ice in my soup, spill the salt in my wine,
Then go yawn at my favorite play.

But she drives after noon:—then's the time to behold her,
With her fair face half hid, like a ripe peeping rose,
'Neath that veil,—o'er the velvets and furs which enfold her,
Leaning back with a queenly repose,—

As she glides up the sunlight! You'd say she was made
To loll back in a carriage, all day, with a smile;
And at dusk, on a sofa, to lean in the shade
Of soft lamps, and be woo'd for a while.

Could we find out her heart thro' that velvet and lace!
Can it beat without ruffling her sumptuous dress?
She will show us her shoulder, her bosom, her face;
But what the heart's like, we must guess.

With live women and men to be found in the world—
(—Live with sorrow and sin,—live with pain and with passion,—)
Who could live with a doll, tho' its locks should be curl'd
And its petticoats trimm'd in the fashion?

'Tis fair—would my bite, if I bit it, draw blood?
Will it cry if I hurt it? or scold if I kiss?
Is it made, with its beauty, of wax or of wood
— Is it worth while to guess at all this?

---

* Robert Bulwer Lytton, the son of the distinguished novelist.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT;

OR,

A NIGHT IN A COACH HOUSE.

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS.

The point about which the traveller should take especial care in engaging a *vetturino* (the driver of the *legno*, the national vehicle of Italy,) is the *buona mano*, that is to say the drink-money. This is an affair of great importance, and must be discreetly managed. On the drink-money depends the time the journey will last; this time varies, at the will of the driver, from six to twelve hours in going from Leghorn to Florence. A friend of ours, a Russian Prince, who had neglected to inform himself on this matter, was even so long as twenty-four hours on the road, and passed a very wretched night into the bargain.

Here is the story:

The Prince C——— had arrived with his mother and a German servant at Leghorn; like every other traveller who arrives at Leghorn, he at once looked about him for some way to get out of it in the quickest possible manner. And in Leghorn the way is ever open to you; you have but to avail yourself of it.

The *vetturino* who presented himself had learned from the *facchini* (porters) who had carried the trunks, that he had to deal with a Prince. Consequently he had asked him twelve piastres* instead of ten, and on his side, instead of offering five, the Prince answered:—"Very well, I will give you twelve piastres; but as I do not wish to be annoyed by the coachman at every relay, you will take charge of the *buona mano*." "All right" the *vetturino* had replied; so the Prince C——— had handed over the twelve piastres, and the *legno* started off on a full gallop, carrying himself and all his effects. It was nine o'clock in the morning; the Prince had calculated that he should reach Florence at about three or four o'clock in the afternoon.

At half a mile from Leghorn the horses naturally slackened their pace, and proceeded on a walk. As for the coachman he began to sing on his seat, only interrupting himself to talk with acquaintances; but soon, as it is inconvenient to talk even on a walk, he stopped every time he had occasion to speak to a passer-by.

The Prince bore this for almost three-quarters of an hour; but, at the end of that time, calculating that they had gone about a mile, he put his head out of the carriage window and cried to the coachman in the purest Tuscan:—"*Avanti! avanti! tirate via.*"†

---

* A piastre is about equal in value to 50 cents, American currency.

† "Come! come! whip up your horses."

"How much drink-money will you give?" asked the coachman in the same strain.

"What are you talking to me about drink-money for?" said the Prince; "I gave your master twelve piastres on condition that he should see to everything."

"The masters have nothing to do with drink-money," replied the coachman; "how much drink-money will you give?"

"Not a cent, I have paid already."

"Then, if your Excellency pleases, we will continue to go on a walk."

"What, walk? but your master engaged to take me to Florence in six hours."

"Where is the contract, the paper?" asked the coachman.

"The paper? was it necessary to draw up a written agreement for that?"

"You must see that, if you have not the paper, you cannot force me to go any faster."

"So I can't force you, eh?" said the Prince.

"No, your Excellency."

"Very well, we'll see about that."

"Yes, we will see about that," tranquilly repeated the coachman; and he again started his horse on a walk.

"Frantz," said the Prince, in Saxon, to his servant, "get down and give that fellow a thrashing."

Frantz got down from the carriage without making the least observation in the world, lifted the coachman off his box, drubbed him soundly with a gravity purely German, put him back in his seat; then, showing him the road: "*Vorcaerts*"* said he to him, as he took a seat on the box by his side. The coachman started again; this time a little slower than before. One gets tired of everything in this world, even of beating a coachman. The Prince, convinced that one way or another, he would get to Florence at last, advised his mother to go to sleep, and leaning back in his corner, he gave her the example.

The coachman took six hours to go from Leghorn to Pontedera; this was four hours more than was necessary; then, arriving at Pontedera, he requested the Prince to get out, announcing that they were to change carriages. "But," said the Prince, "I paid your master twelve piastres on the express condition that we should *not* change carriages."

"Where is the paper?" asked the coachman.

"You know very well, you rascal, that I haven't any paper."

"Well, then, if you haven't any paper we will change carriages here."

The Prince had a great mind to thrash the coachman this time himself; but he saw, by the faces of those who surrounded the carriage, that it would not be prudent. So he got out of the *legno;* his baggage was thrown out on the ground, and after waiting about an hour, they brought out to him a fearfully rheumatic cart, for it could scarcely be called a carriage, and two woe-begone horses, who looked as if they had but a breath apiece left in their wretched bodies.

In any other circumstance, the Prince, who is at once as generous as a grand Russian nobleman and a French artist, would have given a Louis (25) to the driver; but he was so much in the right, that to yield appeared to him a bad precedent to establish, and he accordingly resolved to brave it out. So he got into the cart, and, the new coachman, who had been forewarned that no drink-money was to be expected, started off on a walk, followed by the laughter and almost jeers of the lookers on.

This time, the horses were so poor, that it would have been cruel to ask to have them go faster than a walk. So the Prince was six hours more in going from Pontedera to Empoli.

Entering Empoli, the driver stopped his horses, and came to the carriage window.

"His Excellency sleeps here," said he to the Prince."

"What do you mean by saying that I sleep here? Are we in Florence yet?"

"No, Excellency; we are in Empoli, a charming city."

"I paid your master twelve piastres to sleep at Florence, and not at Empoli. I shall sleep at Florence."

"Where is the paper, Excellency?"

"Go to the devil with your paper!"

"Your Excellency has no paper?"

"No!"

"Very well," said the coachman, getting up to his seat again.

"What do you say?" cried the Prince.

"I say very well," replied the coachman, whipping up his bony nags.

And for the first time since they had left Leghorn, the Prince felt that he was travelling on a slow trot. The pace seemed to him quite promising; he put his head out of the window; the streets were thronged with people, and the windows were all illuminated; it was the festival of the Madonna of Empoli, who passed for a very miraculous person. In crossing the grand square, he saw that people were dancing.

The Prince was engaged in looking at the people, the illuminations, and the dances, when suddenly he perceived that they were entering under a sort of archway; the carriage stopped immediately afterward.

"Where are we?" asked the Prince.

"Under the coach-house of the inn, Excellency."

"Why under the coach-house, pray?"

"Because it will be more convenient to change the horses."

"Come, then, be quick about it," said the Prince.

"*Subito,*"† replied the coachman.

The Prince already knew that there were certain words in Italian which you must not put confidence in, since they always mean just the the opposite of what they appear to. However, seeing that they were really taking out the horses, he shut the carriage door, and waited. After waiting half an hour, he lowered the glass, and leaning out of the carriage:—"Well?" said he. No one answered him.

"Frantz!" now cried the Prince; "Frantz!"

"Monsieur," replied Frantz, suddenly awakened from a sound sleep.

"Where the devil are we now?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, milord."

"What! do you not know?"

"No. I fell asleep, and have just woke up."

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed the Princess, "we are in some robbers' cave!"

"No," said Frantz, "we are under a coach-house."

"Well! open the door and call some one," said the Prince.

"The door is locked," replied Frantz.

"What! *locked!*" exclaimed the Prince in his turn, jumping out of the carriage. "Impossible!"

"See for yourself, milord."

The Prince shook the door with all his might, it was securely locked; the Prince called as loud as he could, no one answered; the Prince looked for a stone to break down the door, there was no stone to be found.

Now as the Prince was above all a man of exquisite good sense, after having satisfied himself that they could not or would not hear him, he resolved to make the best of his unpleasant situation, so got into the carriage again, shut up the window, assured himself that in case of danger his pistols were within reach, wished his mother "good night," stretched his legs on the front seat and went to sleep; Frantz did the same on his box, the Princess alone remained, with her eyes wide open, not doubting for a moment that they had fallen into some terrible ambush.

The night passed without alarms of any sort. At seven o'clock in the morning the doors of the coach-house was opened, and a driver appeared with two horses.

"E-e-o-h! any travellers here for Florence?" asked the driver with a tone of absolute simplicity, and as if he were asking a perfectly natural question.

The Prince opened the door and jumped out of the carriage with the intention of strangling the man who asked this question; but seeing that it was not his driver of the night before, he reflected that he might punish, if not the good for the bad, at least the innocent for the guilty; he accordingly refrained from executing his murderous designs.

"Where is the coachman who brought us here?" he asked, pale with anger, yet with the greatest apparent *sang froid*, and answering one question by asking another.

"Your Excellency means Peppino, perhaps?"

"The coachman of Pontedera?"

"Well, that is Peppino."

"Then where is Peppino?"

"He is on the road home."

"What! on the road back to Pontedera?"

"Yes, yes, as it was a fast day here in Empoli, we drank and danced together all the night, and this morning, about an hour ago, he said to me: 'Gaetano, you will take the horses and go back for two travellers and a servant, who are in the coach-house of the *Golden Cross*. Everything is paid except the drink-money!' Then I asked him how it was that the travellers came to be in a coach-house, and not in a bed-room. 'Ah, well,' said he to me, 'they are Englishmen, they were afraid that they would not get clean sheets in the inn, and they preferred to sleep in their carriage.' As I know that all Englishmen are originals, I said: 'Very well.' Then I emptied another glass, went to look for my horses, and here I am. Is it too early yet? I will come back again, if you like."

"Zounds! no!" cried the Prince; "harness up, and do not lose a minute. You shall have a piastre for drink-money, if we get to Florence in three hours."

"In three hours, Prince," said the driver; "oh, it won't take as long as that. So long as there is a piastre for drink-money, I think that we can manage it in two hours."

"May God hearken unto your words, my good man," said the Princess.

In less than two hours they arrived at Florence.

The first act of the Prince, after having breakfasted—for neither he nor the Princess had tasted a mouthful since the morning of the day before—was to go and make his complaint before the magistrate.

"Have you a paper?" asked the chief of the *buon governo.*

"No," said the Prince.

"Well, I advise you to let the matter drop, then; and the next time give but five piastres to the master and one and a-half to the driver; you will save five piastres and a-half, and arrive eighteen hours sooner."

Since that day the Prince has not failed, each time that an occasion presented itself, to follow the advice of the President of the *buon governo*, and he has always got along very comfortably.—*Translated for the N. Y. Picayune.*

---

* Forward.

† Immediately.

AN ARCHBISHOP AND HIS CATS.—The following is from the "Book of the Boudoir:"—"The first day we (Sir Charles and Lady Morgan) had the honor of dining at the palace of the Archbishop of Taranto, at Naples, he said to me, 'You must pardon my passion for cats, but I never exclude them from my dining-room, and you will find they make excellent company.' Between the first and second course the door opened, and several enormously large and beautiful Angola cats were introduced by the names of Pantalone, Desdemona, Otello, &c. They took their places on chairs near the table, and were as silent, as quiet, as motionless, and as well behaved as the most *bon-ton* table in London could require. On the bishop requesting one of the chaplains to help the Signora Desdemona, the butler stepped up to his lordship, and observed, 'My lord, La Signora Desdemona will prefer waiting for the roasts.'"

A FAITHFUL WIFE.—The Marechal de Monchy, having been conducted a prisoner to the Luxemburg, had scarcely arrived there when his wife entered the prison. The gaoler observed to her, that the order for the Marechal's arrest made no mention of her. She answered with mingled gaiety and sweetness, "*Since my husband is a prisoner, I am one also.*"

When he was carried before the Revolutionary Tribunal, he was still attended by his lady. The Public Accuser having informed Madame de Monchy that she was not called upon to appear, she replied, "*When my husband is called for, I am also called.*"

In a word, when the fatal sentence of death was pronounced upon the Marechal, his faithful wife ascended the cart with him; and when the executioner objected because she was not condemned to die, she answered, "*Since sentence is passed upon my husband, it is passed upon me also.*"

A WARNING.

Place your hands in mine, dear,
With their rose-leaf touch:
If you heed my warning,
It will spare you much.

Ah! with just such smiling,
Unbelieving eyes,
Years ago I heard it:
You shall be more wise.

You have one great treasure,
Joy for all your life;
Do not let it perish
In one reckless strife.

Do not venture all, child,
In one frail, weak heart;
So, through any shipwreck,
You may save a part.

Where your soul is tempted
Most to trust your fate,
There, with double caution
Linger, fear, and wait.

Measure all you give—still
Counting what you take;
Love for love: so placing
Each an equal stake.

Treasure love; though ready
Still to live without
In your fondest trust, keep
Just one thread of doubt.

Build on no to-morrow;
Love has but to-day:
If the links seem slackening,
Cut the bond away.

Trust no prayer nor promise;
Words are grains of sand:
Keep your heart unbroken,
Safely in your hand.

That your love may finish
Calm as it began,
Learn this lesson better,
Dear, than I have done.

Years hence, perhaps, this warning
You shall give again,
In just the self-same words, dear,
And—just as much in vain.

THE SCOUT.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penna.]

The party moved slowly homewards, two of the men riding in advance with Annie between them, while her horse was led by a third. But little was said among them, for Annie seemed not inclined to talk, and they considerately forbore to disturb her. On reaching the house they found the remainder of the party sitting near the fire in the room where they had left them; no trace of the robbers was left; and at one side of the room, on a settee, supported by pillows, lay Roney, sharply, though, as subsequent examination proved, not at all dangerously wounded, by a dagger stab; and near him sat Mr. Brennington. Annie ran up to her father, threw her arms around his neck, and wept convulsively for some minutes. All the pent up feeling that she had repressed so bravely, now broke loose, and she gave full sway to it. In her eagerness to reach her father, she had literally not seen Roney at all, when she first entered; but now, when the paroxysm of feeling had subsided, and she raised her head and saw his pale face looking at her, she quitted her hold of her father, and dropping on her knees by her lover's side she—well, so many descriptions of similar scenes have been written, that I don't think it is worth while for me to add one to the number, particularly as such scenes are all pretty much alike. I will say this much, however—that when she rose to her feet again, every one of the dozen or more men present, comprehended how matters stood between them, quite as well as you and I do.

To tell the truth, Annie, in the sudden rush of feeling which had come over her, had been a good deal more demonstrative than she would have been, had she not for the moment forgotten the existence of anybody but herself and her lover; and when she raised her head and saw them all standing around, she sprang to her feet, and with face and neck burning, darted through the door and up stairs to her own room, like a frightened deer, and made her appearance no more that night.

The young man who had hitherto seemed to take the lead, now asked one of those who had remained in the house,

"How did Baldwin get hurt; and what's become of the fellow I shot from the window, and how did the rest get off, and where's—"

"Softly, Harry," interrupted the other, "one question at a time, if you please; and don't ask 'em in quite such a masterful way. I'll tell you the whole story. Just as you left, Baldwin knocked down one of the rascals, and jumped through the other door, but was stopped by a couple more of 'em outside; the others made a rush for the door right after him; we were afraid to fire then for fear of hitting the wrong men, so we dropped guns and after 'em bare handed, and grappled 'em in the yard. We were all there pell-mell, in the dark, and in the scuffle Baldwin got stabbed by one of 'em. Pistols were cracking all around; by the flash of one of 'em, I saw a hand with a dirk in it, come down on somebody, and the next moment Baldwin reeled back against me. I let go of the fellow I was scuffling with and caught him before he fell. The others must have seen it too, for they all let go and came flocking round like a set of ganders, and of course the robbers made the best of their way off."

"What did you let 'em go for?" inquired the first speaker, angrily, turning to the others; "couldn't one man have taken care of Baldwin, without all the rest of you coming to help him?"

"May it please your high and mighty excellency, Mr. Major General Magnifico Harry, who made you commander here, and gave you a right to ask impertinent questions?" said one of those he addressed, with an unpleasant sneer. "If you want to know, we let 'em go because they had their knives and pistols, an' we had our bare hands; and *I*, for one, don't try to hold men at such odds as that, without some better reason than we had this time; our business was to save Baldwin, and that we did."

"Well, well," said Harry, "we won't quarrel about it; I didn't mean to take any command in the matter—and nobody but a jealous-pated fool would have thought so."

So saying, he turned to the one who had been speaking previous to the interruption, and requested him to go on.

"Well, that's nearly all," said he; "we led Baldwin to the settee, and stripped off his coat and shirt to find the wound. He had been struck on the shoulder, a downward blow, that I think was stopped by the bone, for the blade was broken off in the wound."

It was now about ten o'clock, and after some farther parley, eight of the party started after the body of Abe, on foot, provided with a couple of hatchets, and some rope, for the purpose of making a rude litter on which to carry it. Mr. Brennington and the rest remained to guard the house.

Abe's body was found where they had placed it, the wide open eyes staring up at the sky. The litter was soon constructed, by cutting down saplings and lashing them together with the rope; the body was laid upon it, and the party took up their solemn march, four carrying the litter and four walking alongside, relieving each other at intervals, until they reached the house, and deposited their ghastly burden in an outhouse, placing the body of the dead robber beside it.

In the morning, the Coroner was hunted up, a jury obtained, and, after hearing all the testimony in the case, a verdict in accordance with the facts, was rendered. The body of the robber was buried by the river bank, and word was sent to Kennet concerning Abe.

In the course of the day, his friends sent for his body, and took it home; and that evening, in a corner of the grave-yard, with none but two or three of his nearest friends around, and the cold stars above, was buried, in silence and darkness, all that was left of the misguided Abe Spicer.

On the following morning, Sam and Harry, by the advice of Mr. Brennington, accompanied the latter to the nearest magistrate, and gave themselves up. The testimony of Harry's companions, and of Annie, who, at her father's request, accompanied them, was so conclusive, however, that the magistrate took the responsibility of stretching his authority so far as to dismiss the case, with the remark that the community ought to be very much obliged to both Sam and Harry, for saving the court and the hangman a labor. In ordinary times this would not have done at all; but in the unsettled state of the country, men had other things to think of, than enforcing compliance with forms of law; and in the course of a few months, so many other more important events had transpired, that the affair was forgotten by most, and was never taken up again.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SQUIRE'S ESCAPE.

Squire Chandler had not been within his own door for six weeks, but had remained concealed in the house of a friend at some distance, occasionally venturing out in the disguise of a laborer, which he had used more or less through the winter. He was frequently accosted at these times by persons who were anxious to ascertain his whereabouts, with inquiries as to where he could be found. Of course the information gained by these inquisitive people was not of the most satisfactory character. His wife visited him in his concealment as often as she dared, cheering and encouraging him by her hearty approval of his course, and her sympathy with the feeling which had dictated it. No whisper of complaint at his long absence from her ever passed her lips, nor do I believe did such a feeling ever find a lodgment in her mind for a moment. What he thought right she thought right, and gave him up to his country willingly, bravely sinking all personal considerations in the one of public duty.

One evening, about the beginning of April, the Squire had ventured home, there having been no signs of his hunters in the neighborhood for some time. He was sitting by the fire with his family around him, all except Dick, who was still at Valley Forge, having renewed his enlistment when his term of service expired. His brother Richard was there also, and his old friend William Willson and his wife. The latter was placidly knitting, as usual, and listening to the deep, calm voice of the Squire, who was conversing with his brother and William Willson.

"Hark! I heard the tread of horses," exclaimed William Willson, suddenly interrupting him.

All were silent in a moment, and listening intently; one of the Squire's sons rose and went towards the door to look out; as he placed his hand on the latch the door was pushed open from without, and a man in the uniform of a British Light Horseman appeared on the threshold! In an instant, before he had time to speak, the quick-witted boy slammed the door in his face, placed the bar across it, and then sprang across the room and knocked over the candle as the speediest way of extinguishing it. The momentary glimpse he had caught of the yard had shown it full of British troopers!

"Guard the doors!" shouted the officer, as soon as he recovered from the shock of this rather unsivil reception, "watch every outlet."

The men scattered at once, placing themselves around the house in readiness to seize or shoot down any one who might issue from it.

The officer then struck sharply on the door with his sabre hilt, exclaiming,

"Open the door within there, or we'll drive it down."

No answer was returned, and without further parley a heavy rail was taken from the fence near, and lunged against the door by three or four of the men like a battering ram; another and another blow were given, and the stout, oaken door began to shake, when a voice within exclaimed,

"Stop, stop! you needn't break the door down; I'll open it."

"Do it at once then," said the officer, motioning the man back, "or we'll do it for you."

The bar was then removed, and the door opened; stepping into the room the officer found only a few plain, farmer-looking folk sitting quietly around a kitchen fire-place with the fire apparently raked up for the night, and a candle burning on the dresser, affording sufficient light to see all the faces in the room distinctly. He scanned them curiously, but saw no one who answered the description of the Squire. He then turned upon Richard Chandler, who had opened the door, and demanded sternly,

"Where is the master of this house; and how dare you attempt to bar the door against the King's troops?"

"The master of the house is not here," said Richard, "and the door was barred by this foolish boy, who managed to upset the candle in doing it. I opened the door as soon as we had got another light so that I could see what I was doing."

This was not a very plausible story, but it was the best that Richard could concoct in a hurry, not being gifted with any very great readiness in lying, in which he resembled his brother, the Squire.

The officer looked hard at him for a moment, and then answered,

"I doubt your story, sir; it don't hang well together; I have received certain information that the notorious rebel scout, Chandler, was here this evening; you don't quite answer the description or I should feel inclined to take you on suspicion; who are you, sir?"

"I am the brother of the man you mean," said Richard, "and am, as well as his other relations, a loyal subject."

"Then it is your duty, as a loyal subject, to tell me where to find him. Do you know where he is?"

"I've told you, already, I'm his *brother*," said Richard, sternly; "do you think I'd betray him, if he was twenty times a rebel?"

"Very well, sir," answered the officer, "you will please stay where you are, you and your friends here; the first one that speaks or attempts to leave the room, while we search the house, shall be gagged and tied hand and foot."

The men were then called in, leaving sufficient outside to guard against escape from within, and proceeded, systematically, to ransack the house. They had scarcely begun fairly, however, when the stillness outside was broken by a voice yelling,

"Dar he goes! dar he goes! Hurry up dar, you sogers, if you wan' to cotch him! Dar he goes roun' de corner o' de barn."

All hands rushed to the door, and beheld Sam capering frantically about near the barn yard gate, gesticulating violently, and pointing with eager gestures in the direction of the woods which lay about in a line with the barn.

The officer sprang through the door, followed by all his men, and seizing Sam by the collar, exclaimed,

"Stop your infernal howling, you black rascal, and tell me which way he went."

"Right ober dar," said Sam, again pointing to the woods; "I seed him sneak out o' de little door an' creep along by de end o' de barn; and den he run like a white head across de ole 'tater patch, towards the woods. Dar he goes now!" he yelled again, "I see him sneakin along de fence."

"By Jove," said the officer, "so he is; mount and after him, boys."

The troopers were in the saddle instantly, and the whole party dashed at full speed across the fields in pursuit.

Sam did not attempt to follow them, but darted to the barn, opened the door, and led out the mare, saddled and bridled, left her standing in the shadow of the wall, shot back to the house, leaving the barn yard gate wide open behind him, and exclaimed to the wondering group in the kitchen—

"Golly! Ef dey ain't fooled! Whar's de Squire? De mare's stannin by de gate all ready, and de cussed fools is a runnin' into de woods arter nuffin. I hope dey'll break deir ugly necks in de gully."

Before Sam had finished uttering this charitable wish, the Squire dropped from the chimney where he had been concealed, and with a brief "Thank you, Sam," hurried out, sprang into the saddle, and was off with the speed of a hawk.

"Well done, Sam," said Richard, "you've saved my brother; how did you know of the soldiers being here?"

"Why, I was a comin' home from de sto', sa," answered Sam, "an' I heered 'em a-comin' along de road; I hid ahint a big tree 'till dey got past, an' den I follered 'em, to see what dey was arter. I kep' close to de fence, 'till dey come near de turn in de road, an' den I hopped ober into de woods an' cut across so as to head 'em, 'cause dere was a feller a ridin alongside de Cap'n dat hadn't no soger clo'es on. I laid down in de fence corner 'till dey come up, an' den, who do you tink I seed?"

"Who was it?" inquired several voices at once.

"Why," said Sam slowly, with his eyes wide open, "why, it wan't nobody else but Billy Crosby wot libs at Uncle Josy Chandler's!"

William Willson and Richard glanced at each other significantly.

Sam continued; "I wondered what de land he was doin wid de sogers, an' I kep' as close as I could, an' listened. He was a tellin' de Cap'n all about de house, an' how many doors an' winders, an' whar dey was, an' den he said he mus' git out de way afore de Squire was tuk, 'cause if he was seed, de country 'ud be too hot for him. I didn't wait no longer, den, but run across de woods like a black snake, an' got into de barn, jis' as de sogers come up to de house. I slap de saddle an' bridle on de mare de fus' ting, an' den I peeped out true' a crack in de door an' seed Billy a sneakin' off towards de woods, and den I yelled out, 'Dar he goes'—I spec' you heered me—an' as soon as dey was all shint de barn a-chasin' Billy for de Squire, I fotched out de mare, an' come into de house to tell; an' now I mus' cut toder way, 'cause if dey comes back here arter dey cotches Billy, dey won't leave no wool on me."

So saying, Sam vanished. William and Sarah Willson also took their leave, and were out of sight before the soldiers returned.

Sam's stratagem had been completely successful. The British officer having caught a glimpse of a figure stealing along the fence, had felt so certain of his man, that he had, as I said, called off his whole party, sentries and all, to the pursuit, not thinking necessary to guard the house any longer. They rushed at full speed past the barn and up the meadow slope, on the top of which they had descried the figure. They soon overtook the supposed fugitive scout; the officer reining up his horse as he reached him, leaned over and seized him by the collar, dropping his sword point to his breast and shouting,

"Surrender, you rebel dog, or I'll run you through."

"Ouch! don't Captain," said his prisoner, "please don't stick me, I ain't no rebel."

"What the d—l!" said his captor, aghast, "this isn't the scouting Squire; as I live," he exclaimed, "its our own guide! What do you mean by sneaking off in this way, leading us astray?"

"Why, Captain," said Crosby, "you know I told you I musn't be seen near the house."

"Then it was the nigger that led us off—curse his black skin," said the officer; "I'll flay it off him, if I catch him. Back to the house, all of you!"

They went back, but as we have already seen, too late. Their prey had escaped them. An ineffectual search was made, and after compelling Molly Chandler to furnish them with supper, they quartered themselves in the house for the night.

The next two or three days were spent in fruitlessly scouring the country, annoying the farmers, and scaring their wives and daughters, but procuring no trace of the object of their search, though he had seen them half-a-dozen times from his place of concealment, and had more than once shifted his quarters as it became evident they would be searched. They ransacked William Willson's house (where the Squire had not been concealed at all) from top to bottom; they peered up the chimneys and under the bedsteads, and thrust their swords through the beds; they looked behind the cider barrels and into the pork barrel, opened the tall eight-day clock in the best room, and emptied the big chest in the garret; they turned half the hay out of the hay-mow, leaving Sam and Abraham to turn it back if they chose, and emptied the oats chest into sacks—which they carried off with them—and, in a general way, "turned up Jack," in their search after a man who was all the time snugly ensconsed a mile away.

They served a good many others in the same manner, but, as I said before, without success, and at last gave up the search and left the neighborhood, to the great relief of all the inhabitants, and the particular joy of Sam, whom it had cost a large expenditure of ingenuity, as well as violent exercise of legs, to keep within sight of the party during their peregrinations (to which duty he had devoted himself), and to keep from being caught, at the risk of being recognized as the Will o' the Wisp who had started them on the fool's errand from Squire Chandler's.

This was the last attempt that was made to capture the Squire. Rumors soon after began to spread over the country that the British would not attempt to hold Philadelphia much longer, and continued to grow stronger, until, in the latter part of May, it was ascertained beyond a doubt that the city would soon be freed from its dissolute masters.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SCENE CLOSES.

With the eighteenth of June, 1778, came the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, and its occupation by the American troops; and soon after followed a terrible upsetting of "existing institutions" in Thornbury. Loyalty, which had lately been so loud-mouthed and demonstrative, became suddenly quiet and modest, and disposed to withdraw from public view; while Patriotism, which Loyalty had called Rebellion, became rampant and aggressive.

Informations and denunciations—with an eye to subsequent confiscations—of men who had been prominent as tories, and of men who, not having been prominent at all, were suspected of being tories, poured in upon Squire Chandler, who had now no occasion to conceal himself, unless it were from his too officious friends. Some of the farmers in his own neighborhood had managed occasionally to turn an honest penny or two by sending stores to the British while in Philadelphia. They had done it very carefully, and flattered themselves that no one suspected them; but they had been known and marked, nevertheless; and now, when the tables were turned, and it was safe to do so, they were denounced, arrested, and heavily fined, or their goods confiscated. Portions of the Squire's docket still exist, to show how these gentry were dealt with.

At the same time, I regret to say that some idle young rascals in the neighborhood constituted themselves a kind of "Committee of Vigilance," and under cover of extraordinary zeal in ferreting out tories, committed a great many acts which, in more peaceable times, would be called pillage. They would go in bands to the houses of any who, in their discretion, they chose to consider as disaffected, and help themselves to whatever they fancied. Provisions, furniture, beds, bedclothes, wearing apparel, nothing came amiss to them, and in the confused state of affairs the law was powerless to check them.

Their exactions had been submitted to so generally for some time, that they began to expect submission as a matter of course; but one day they received an unexpected check. Not wishing to be partial or to slight any one, after having visited a good many other places, some half-dozen of them called, one fine morning, on Richard Chandler. While the rest stopped outside, the leader entered the house, and seeing none but women present, began bullying them, and finally roughly ordered them to give him some liquor for himself and his companions. They told him they had none in the house. With an oath he said he would see about that, and added that if they did not get some, he would carry off a quilt that was just finished, and was still standing in the frame, besides all the bedding and clothes they could find. The trembling women still insisted that they had no liquor, and the young ruffian was proceeding to remove the quilt, when a door leading into an adjoining room opened, and Richard Chandler appeared.

"Stop," said he, "we have nothing to spare, and wouldn't give it to you if we had; you have robbed a good many people about here, but you won't rob me."

"Go to the d—l, old tory!" said the fellow, insolently; "we've had an eye on you for a good while, and now we'll make a clean sweep, if it's only to learn you to be civil to your betters."

Richard kept his temper.

As the fellow spoke, he turned to the quilting frame again, and began to take it apart.

Richard lost his temper.

The consequence of this loss was, that the "patriotic" plunderer suddenly found himself picked up by the waistband of his breeches and the back of his cravat, and the next instant he was tumbling heels over head through the door, among his wondering companions; by the time he had got upon his feet, Richard was standing in the doorway with a cocked musket in his hands, his square form dilating, and his black eyes sparkling with the wrath that was in him.

"Seize him," shouted the leader, "knock the cussed old rascal's brains out;" but as he and his companions made a step in advance to execute the order, up went the musket to Richard's shoulder, with the black muzzle blinking right into the foremost man's eye.

"Stop there!" said Richard; "the first man that sets his foot on that door stone, steps into his grave!"

They halted, and stood looking at him.

"I mean what I say," he continued, "as sure as that sun is shining, I will kill the first man that attempts to come into the house; and as for you," he added, speaking to the one he had pitched out of the door, "if you don't take your squad off in two minutes I'll shoot you down where you stand."

This was a reception they had not bargained for. They had no objection to giving and taking a few hard words in the course of their explorations, but they had no idea of taking hard blows; and it had an ugly look, that determined man standing in the door, with his eye glancing along the musket barrel; they knew enough of him, too, as well as of the general trait of sincerity belonging to his family, to feel tolerably sure that he would do precisely what he had promised. They were baffled, hesitated, and, finally, as the time was nearly expired, seeing the musket settling into a deadly aim, the finger on the trigger, and the eye gleaming over the sight, right into his own, the leader backed out into the road with his companions, the muzzle still remorselessly following him, until they had got some fifty yards off, when, shaking his fist at Richard, he turned and ran down the road at full speed, followed by his companions in as pure a panic as ever upset the propriety of a flock of sheep. As they disappeared, Richard Chandler took down the musket from his shoulder, dropped the butt upon the stone step, and exclaimed with a sarcastic smile, "Scared out of their wits by a single gun; a pretty set of soldiers they'd make. I'll try them with a rye-straw next time;" saying which he re-entered the house, hung the gun upon the rack where it was usually kept, and walked calmly out to his work, unarmed, leaving the women, who had huddled together in the corner with their hands to their ears to recover their equanimity at their leisure. But every one was not so fortunate as Richard Chandler, and a great deal of valuable property was destroyed or carried off by these honest gentry; and the people who had striven most anxiously to maintain a neutral position, now found themselves classed with the Tories, and as such, harrassed by the virtuous indignation of these self-constituted Vigilance Committees.

Accusations continued to pour in upon the Squire, and among them, at last, came one that gave him a good deal of uneasiness, and sent him over to William Willson's one morning before breakfast. After greeting the old man, he walked moodily up and down for some time without speaking.

At last his friend seeing that something was wrong, accosted him—

"What is the matter, Thomas? Thee seems out of spirits."

"Why, the fact is, William," answered the Squire, "I'm in trouble. Do you know of any Tories being hid in the neighborhood within a few weeks?"

"No," said the other, "I haven't seen nor heard of any."

"Are you certain?" asked the Squire.

"As sure as I can be of anything," said William, "why does thee ask; does *thee* know of any?"

"No, I don't," answered the Squire; "but, William, the matter is just this: A charge has been made to me, against you, of harboring some fugitive Tories, and I came over myself to ask you about it before taking any steps as a magistrate."

"I am much obliged to thee, Thomas," said the old farmer, "for this kindness. I am not guilty of the charge."

"That's enough," said the Squire; "if you will say to me that you have not fed nor harbored any Tories knowingly, that's all I ask; I'll dismiss the charge at once."

"I *do* say then," answered the farmer, "that I have never, knowingly, fed or harbored a Tory at any time. I will say this, too; when any man has come along hungry and tired I've never refused him a meal's victuals or room in my barn to sleep; but I never asked him whether he was Whig or Tory, for I didn't care."

"Neither do I," answered the Squire; "all I am forced to take notice of is whether you knew them to be Tories and harbored them as such."

"That I certainly never did."

"Then I'll dismiss the charge at once; and I tell you, William, I'll go home with a good deal lighter heart than I came with, for I was afraid that you might have been led into some act of the kind that I should have been forced to deal with."

"It would have been thy duty, Thomas," said the old man, "but I believe thee would have found it a hard one to perform against an old friend."

"So hard that I don't know if it had come to the pinch whether I wouldn't have resigned my commission first."

"Oh! no; that wouldn't have done at all," said William; "in the first place I'm not clear that thee would have had any right to shirk any duty thy office puts upon thee, merely to save thy own feelings or anybody else's; and, then, I don't know any man in this section of country that I should think fit to take thy place."

"Well, I'm very glad I'm not put to the test," said the Squire; "your word's enough, and the matter shall not go any farther. Good-morning."

"Farewell," said William, (he was on the point of saying "good-morning," but caught himself in time,) "I hope thee won't have many more cases of the kind brought before thee."

"I hope not," said the Squire, "they are very disagreeable." So saying, he walked briskly homeward with a much less perplexed and troubled countenance than he had started with, while his friend went in to breakfast, and to tell his wife what had passed.

With the exception of such difficulties as these I have mentioned, the country was now as quiet as if it had been a time of peace instead of being in the middle of a war, whose issue no man could foresee. Such crops as had been planted, were quietly harvested when the time came. The Squire, when he went out to the field, no longer took his musket with him; men stored their grain with a reasonable hope that they themselves would have the use of it; women baked their ovens full of pies and bread, with a confident expectation of doing their share at eating them, an expectation in which they had often been cruelly disappointed during the past winter; and, with the exception of the Vigilance Committee, everybody attended to his own business. William Willson was minus his seasoned building timber, which, you may remember, was carried off in the winter, to Valley Forge. He was not a man, however, to "cry over spilled milk," as he would have phrased it; and when the fall set in, he went to work and got out a new set of timbers, which he laid up to season, and eventually built his house where the old one had stood, and very much like it, only on a rather larger scale. The new house still stands on the terrace over which Jem Gilmer led the British soldiers, but it is old and worn now; it has passed into the hands of strangers, who have allowed it to become dilapidated. The porch on the southern front, (the entrance is still at the back of the house,) was falling to pieces when I last saw it; it may be gone now, for I have not seen it for many a day—the floor had sunk away and left the pillars hanging by the roof; but the old Lombardy poplars were still there; the little family grave-yard on the hill, close by the Concord Road, where the Squire lies buried, was in sight; and the view from the terrace edge, the rolling hills to the southward, dotted with quiet farm-houses, with green orchards around them, checkered with fields of grain over which the sunlight and shadow chased each other as the long stalks waved in the wind, the broad, green pasture meadows, the endless belt of blue woods which girded the horison, and the blue sky beyond, flecked with white clouds, the old landscape was still there, in all its delicious, dreamy loveliness. But William Willson went into his new house, a lonely man; for the patient, gentle wife, who had gone so long and lovingly by his side, had left it, and laid down to rest in the quiet Quaker grave-yard.

Jem Gilmer came home at the close of the war, and settled down into a steady farmer, after having got his fill of adventures as one of M'Lane's men, in hovering around Philadelphia, cutting off straggling parties of the enemy, beating up their quarters at all manner of unreasonable and improper times, pestering the neighboring farmers unmercifully, when they tried to get into the city to market, been foremost in carrying out a plot of his commander's, which, however, was unsuccessful, to break up the Meschianza, that gigantic piece of farcical extravagance with which the British officers opened the last month of their sojourn of reckless license in the city, and performing a multitude of other undignified pranks which he used to relate with great glee, to his cronies in the store porch at Kennett, where he had settled himself, and died, unmarried, after having reached a good, and with him, a jolly old age.

My story is drawing to a close. Sammy, the spy, who made such a melancholy fist of capturing Jem, on the occasion of his visit to Philadelphia as an amateur butcher, and who after duly receiving the *honors* that Jem had promised him, was dismissed as not worth the keeping, found it advisable to leave for New York shortly after the departure of the British army. He had considerable difficulty in effecting his escape, for the search for him was keen and relentless; but he was finally smuggled out disguised as a woman—and a very ugly one he made—and succeeded in reaching New York safely, where he afterwards joined the Cowboys, and finally managed to get himself taken and hanged by a gang of equally respectable marauders known as Skinners, who claimed to be an American party, when it suited their purpose to do so.

Cunningham, the brutal master of the "Provost," left Philadelphia with the British, (he held a captain's commission,) and afterwards met what might be called, for him, a "natural" death, by being hanged, in England, for forgery.

Larkins, the Blacksmith, pursued his trade in the city, and in the course of years became a wealthy man; and after retiring from business, used to pay an annual visit to Jem Gilmer at his farm, where they had many a pleasant confab over old times.

It will not do to close before coming to the

marriage of the only two of my characters who have been, so far, in imminent danger of that catastrophe; but in order to reach it, I must skip over about three years. At the end of that time, on a fine October morning, after having given notice of their intention at a previous monthly meeting, according to the good, but somewhat trying old Quaker rule, Roney and Annie set forth from the house of Mr. Brennington, for Birmingham Meeting-House, accompanied by their groomsmen and bridesmaids, and a number of other friends. The meeting-house was full when they reached it, and they had the preliminary ordeal of marching from the door to the head of the women's side, and sitting down facing the assembly. The bridesmaids and groomsmen accompanied them: and after a pause, the two arose. You might have heard a pin drop on the bare floor, after the first rustle of garments through the room as all leaned forward to listen. Roney's turn was first. Taking Annie by the hand, he said, "Anna, I take thee to be my wife; promising, with Divine assistance, to be unto thee a loving and faithful husband until death shall separate us." After a moment's pause, Annie, still holding his hand, said, in her low, sweet voice, "Roney, I take thee to be my husband; promising, with Divine assistance, to be unto thee a loving and faithful wife, until death shall separate us."

As usual in such cases, the bride went through her part much the better of the two. Her voice, though low, was firm, the words were clearly spoken, and she looked right into Roney's eyes while she said them. On the other hand, his voice was husky, he bungled once or twice before he got through, and instead of looking at Annie, he looked straight down into the crown of his hat. He was not singular in this, however, for I never saw a wedding in Quaker meeting yet, where the groom did not act precisely as Roney did; from which I infer that it is a necessary part of the performance.

They then sat down and subscribed their names to "the certificate," which was engrossed on a mighty sheet of parchment; after which the first groomsman rose, and taking the certificate in his hands, read it aloud, together with the names, "Roney Baldwin and Anna Bren—no! Baldwin," whereat Master "Bub" Baldwin giggled aloud, and then looked supernaturally solemn, as all eyes were turned on him. It was then laid down upon the table, and all the relatives and nearest friends signed as witnesses, and afterwards, such of the audience as chose, until the space for a hundred names, which had been left, was all filled, the ceremony was concluded, and they left the gray old meeting house, behind whose graveyard wall Roney had fought so desperately four years before, married.

Sam, who was present, of course, was so much impressed by the ceremony, and by the dinner which followed it, at which, by his own special request, he officiated as head waiter, and devoted himself exclusively to the bride and groom, to the utter neglect of everybody else, that as soon as he had finished his own dinner, he went off in hot haste to Miss Arethusa, whose consent he had gained a short time before, and told her he wanted to be married the next day! She had a good deal of trouble in getting this notion out of his head, and convincing him that a wedding could not be hurried up at such short notice; they finally compromised on that day month, when the wedding took place; not in Quaker meeting, though, but in Mr. Brennington's parlor, in the evening, when the ceremony was performed by a Methodist clergyman of Sam's own color, and where Mr. Brennington, Annie and Roney remained during the whole ceremony, and took an active part in the fun afterwards, in utter violation of "the discipline of Friends," which forbids any of the Society's members to countenance, even by their presence, any official act of a paid or salaried clergyman.

It having been arranged beforehand that Annie should not leave her father, Roney took up his abode there, and before very long, Sam left William Willson's, and, with his wife, took a small "tenant-house" on Mr. Brennington's farm, and remained there for the rest of his days. As time went on with Annie and her husband, children clustered around them, and the once quiet place rang daily with their noisy gambols. In the course of years, these children grew up and were scattered, and for a while the old quietness came back; then came frequent irruptions of noisy grandchildren visiting the old homestead; but at last the time came for its owners to leave it, and after travelling together hand in hand for sixty years, Roney went to his last rest, and in three weeks afterwards, Annie was laid beside him.

I have but little more to say about the Squire. After the British left Philadelphia, he remained quietly at home, working his farm; occasionally, as I have said, hearing charges against his Tory neighbors; a terror to all evil doers, and exhibiting in all his actions the same determined energy which had carried to Washington, through a shower of musket balls, the news of the British army's approach on the morning of that disastrous battle of Brandywine. The mare who carried him on that occasion, and did such good service then, and many a time afterwards, when there was nothing but her fleet heels between him and capture, was never put to work again, but made the rest of her life one long holiday.

The Squire carried his hatred of Quakers even to the grave; for, rather than have the risk of mingling his dust with theirs, he enclosed the little plot beside the Concord Road, which I have alluded to, as a family burying-ground, and after a long and useful life, he was buried there, a man of whom history has said but little, and yet who deserved an honorable mention in its pages, quite as well as many a one who occupies a far more prominent place there.

My story is done. It has been one of a past time, and the men and women of whom it tells, have long since passed away: some of their descendants still cluster near the old homesteads, but most of them are scattered far and wide; and one of them, whose fortunes have planted him in the new great city, has taken upon himself to bring together and record the vague, flying legends of the country-side in the foregoing chapters. If reading them has called up half as many pleasant thoughts and associations to you, as writing them has to him, he is well rewarded for the labor. [THE END.]

FOREIGN NEWS.

PEACE PROSPECTS—ITALIAN EXILES IN IRELAND.

The ship David Stuart had landed the Neapolitan exiles at Queenstown (cove of Cork), they having compelled the Captain to this course.

A pacific article, which appeared in the Paris Moniteur, the Emperor Napoleon's organ, had caused a considerable rise in the funds at London, Paris and Vienna.

Prince Napoleon has resigned the Ministry of Algeria, which added to the confidence in the French Government.

The Daily Express reports that Poerio and his fellow exiles, amounting to between sixty and seventy, compelled Captain Prentiss, as soon as the Neapolitan war steamer left them, two hundred miles from land, to steer direct for Cork. In this they were assisted by a young sailor, a son of one of the exiles, who had shipped at Cadiz, and signed the articles as one of the crew. As soon as the exiles landed at Queenstown, the enthusiasm of some rose to such a pitch that they actually kissed the soil on which they first planted foot as freemen. They avow their intention to go to Sardinia

Mr. Duncombe gave notice of sundry amendments to the Reform Bill, extending still further the elective franchise.

Mr. D'Israeli, in reply to a question put by a member of the House of Commons, said the Government did not intend to grant exclusive privileges to the Atlantic, or any other Telegraph Company, for the establishment of telegraphic communication between England and America.

Austria securities had an immense rebound, having advanced, in Vienna, from Friday to Monday, fully 4 per cent., while exchange on Vienna had declined in London 7 per cent. in three days.

The Times, and other leading London journals, extend a cordial welcome to the Neapolitan exiles.

The Times congratulates the Neapolitan exiles on their arrival, and says there is an instinct stronger than all political calculation, which calls on England to honor these men.

The London Times, in an article on the reform question, again argues in opposition to "manhood suffrage," on the ground of its unsatisfactory working in the United States.

The submarine cable between Malta and Cagliari had again ceased to operate.

Notwithstanding the market effect on funds produced by the pacific article in the *Moniteur*, the London journals sneer at it, and throw doubts on its sincerity.

The journals of Vienna also criticise it in a skeptical light.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* reasserts that the French troops are evacuating Rome.

The resignation of Prince Napoleon is regarded as a peace offering, the Prince being in favor of a war.

The Emperor refused to accept the resignation, until it had been tendered three or four times. His retirement was caused by a difference of opinion with the greater part of the cabinet, on questions of internal and external policy.

The Emperor was believed at the bottom to participate in the views of Prince Napoleon, and a report was current that his retirement would only be temporary.

Mr. Preston, the American Minister, has arrived at Madrid.

NAPLES.—The health of the King was such that it was supposed he would never be able to get well again.

The Queen conducts all the State affairs, and is reported to have caused the King to sign a treaty, offensive and defensive, with Austria.

PRUSSIA.—The young Prince has been christened Frederick William Victor Albert.

The political disquietude prevented the attendance of the English Royal family at the baptism.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET—Friday, March 8.—The Cotton market has an advancing tendency, especially in the middling qualities, which are quoted ¼d higher. The sales of the past three days amounted to 30,000 bales, including 6000 to speculators and 3000 for export. The advance was chiefly caused by the advices from America.

Good middling is 1-16d better, and in some cases an advance of ⅛d has been obtained.

Breadstuffs and Wheat are dull. Provisions firm.

GREAT MEN.

Men whom we build our love round like an arch
Of triumph, as they pass us on their way
To glory and to immortality;
Men whose great thoughts possess us like a passion
Through every limb and the whole heart; whose words
Haunt us as eagles haunt the mountain air;
Thoughts which command all coming times and minds,
As from a tower a warden. —*Bailey's Festus.*

☞ When Judge Howell was at the bar, Mr. Burgess, a barrister on circuit, to play a joke, wrote on the lining of his hat, *caput vacuum* (empty head). The hat circulated about, exciting a smile on every countenance except that of the owner, who deliberately took it up and repeated the words, and well knowing the author, addressed the Chief Justice as follows: "May it please your Lordship, I ask protection" (holding up his hat); "for I find that Brother Burgess has written his name in my hat, and I have reason to believe he intends to make off with it."

☞ THREE-MAN TIPPLE.—"Wine of three men" is the name given to a kind of drink made at a place called Witzenhaisen, in Germany. The reason of this name is, that "it takes one to pour it out, one to drink it, and another to hold the man while he swallows it." This is borrowed from the *Physiologie du Gout*, in which we find a proverb relating to the wine made at Surene (a pretty village about two leagues from Paris), which is so bad that it takes three men to drink it—"the man who is going to drink, and two companions to keep his heart from failing."

☞ The Duke de Duras, observing Descartes seated one day at a luxurious table, cried out, "What? do philosophers indulge in dainties?" "Why not?" replied Descartes, "do you think that nature produced all her good things for fools?"

☞ An inquiry in the Cambridge Chronicle, for a rhyme for the word "month," brought out in reply the following epigram:

"You can't," says Tom to lisping Bill,
"Find any rhyme for '*month*';"
"A great mistake," was Bill's reply;
"I'll find a rhyme at *onth*."

☞ A REPORT COURTEOUS.—One day, at the table of Cardinal Richelieu, Bautru, seeking to amuse him, inquired of one of the strangers present, "Monsieur, excuse me, but how did they value asses in your country when you set forth?" The retort was an excellent one:—"Those of your weight and size were priced at ten crowns."

☞ Old wood to burn, old books to read, old wine to drink, and old friends to converse with.—*King Alphonso of Castile.*

AN EXPENSIVE BUILDING.

The Capitol at Washington has cost, and is costing a wonderful amount of money. If value is received for what is expended it is all right, but that is the question. The two front doors of that remarkable building, with their side trimmings, cost $47,072. In addition to this the designs and models for these doors cost $12,000, the original estimates being $600. One of the bronze doors leading into the new Representative Chamber will cost, according to estimate, $14,416—the design and model having already cost $8,000. It is no wonder that the ancients had a high idea of the position of a "door-keeper." Each window has cost about $2,000 exclusive of glass. "The *spread eagle* hand-rails for the private stairways, in both wings, cost $12,000," and yet they are in such dark places that it is proposed to tear away one of the committee-rooms, in order to let a little light shine upon one of them. So much by way of detail, merely enough to prevent any wonder, when we state that the appropriations for the Capitol already reach $5,075,000, and that it is estimated that the buildings cannot be completed on the present plans for less than $8,000,000.

The same inordinate expenditure also extends to the furnishing of the various rooms. Thus, the furniture of the Speaker's-room alone cost $5,500. Everything is on a grand scale—of expense, at least. Mr. Speaker Orr, for instance, withdrawing from the arduous duties of the Chair, refreshes himself by surveying his portly person in a mirror that cost $1,350. If the light is not sufficient, he arranges the brocatelle curtains for which the "dear people" have paid $900. Should he discover any dust upon his brow, he repairs to his washstand worth $85. He can select some interesting work from a bookcase which cost $648;—take his choice between a $45 and a $95 chair and a $90 lounge; and thus enjoy himself till a $145 clock tells him it is time either to write a note from a $50 inkstand, on a $95 writing table, or else take his cloak and hat from a $47 clothes rack and temporarily absent himself from a room of such "republican simplicity."

And so it is throughout the Capitol. The room of the committee of ways and means is furnished at an expense of $2,740—one of the items being a "fine book-desk and case, $600." The desks and chairs of the House of Representatives hall cost $45,000; and merely the cleaning and varnishing of them last fall cost over $1,100. Carpets, curtains and lounges are on the same scale. The members of the last session even brushed their shrewd financial heads at an expense of $425 to the people, and combed them (the peoples' heads also) to the tune of $220.

NOISES IN THE SICK ROOM.—It is extraordinary how many persons, unused to the sick room, mistake certain noises for quiet. When such people have to walk across the room they do so with a balancing sort of movement that makes every plank creak uneasily. Their very dress rattles in a way that would make the fortune of a rattlesnake. If anything has to be said, it is spoken in a loud, whirring whisper, that conceals the words but makes the most irritating of noises. Now the silence of a sick room must not be labored, it must be natural. Shoes that do not creak must be worn, and in walking the foot must be put down carefully, of course, but with a firm step, that comes gently, yet steadily, on the floor. This will not make the creaking sound caused by the toe-pointed, gingerly mode of movement so much adopted by those whose experience of sick rooms is small. The dress must be made of some noiseless material, wool or cotton; silk must be avoided, for it squeaks with every movement. In speaking, the pitch of the voice must be slightly raised, and the words, instead of being hissed, as in whispering, should be clipped short, and cut distinctly. By this means the person spoken to will hear what is said, while the least possible sound accompanies the word.—*Barwell's Care of the Sick.*

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass
Like little ripples down a sunny river;
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass—
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever.
—*Landor.*

☞ Lord Cockburn says in his "Life of Lord Jeffrey:"—"He (Lord Jeffrey) had a fancy that though he went to bed with his head stuffed with the names, dates and other details of various causes, they were all in order in the morning; which he accounted for by saying that during sleep 'they all *crystallized round their proper centres*.'"—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the veracity of good men; they make the earth wholesome. Life is sweet and tolerable only in our belief in such society; and, actually, or ideally, we manage to live with superiors.—*Emerson.*

☞ Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does *least* concern other people, yet of all actions of his life it is most meddled with by other people.—*Selden.*

☞ The rhyming of silly boys and girls, and the whistling of the wind through a hollow tree, are equally signal instances of music caused by emptiness.

THREATENED REBELLION IN CANADA.—An ably written circular has been issued from Oakville, Canada West, signed Wm. M. King, in which the present Government is sharply handled, and a separation from the Home Government boldly advocated in the event of the success of some of the measures urged by those now in power. It refers approvingly to the action of these colonies under similar circumstances, and insists that the time is at hand when like action should and must be taken by the people of Canada. It urges some member of Parliament (if the new tariff succeeds) to propose in the House that it is "expedient to dissolve all Governmental connection with Great Britain, that the union between Upper and Lower Canada be dissolved, and that immediate steps be taken that Upper Canada may become a State of the United States."

The circular is addressed to "The Honorable the Attorney General of Canada West," and large numbers have been printed for circulation.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New-Haven Journal says that Walt. Whitman, the poet, drives No. 22 of the Broadway and Forty-Second street omnibuses.

BEWARE OF THE WIDOWS.—A sad case of insanity has just occurred in Boston "through the influence," one of the papers says, "of a little widow, with a pretty face and languishing eyes." At a watering place, last summer, she made the acquaintance of Dr. F. A. Noyes. The doctor was made captive, and drawn into the net which the widow threw with such consummate skill, and for awhile he was happy under the impression that Emma, the fascinating widow, would soon consent to change her name. In this hope he was sadly disappointed, for when he proposed, the widow wiped her eyes, said that she should always esteem him as a friend, but she couldn't think of marriage.—All hope was given up, and he tried to banish the image of the widow, but she was determined not to stay banished. She wanted more amusement at his expense, and she had it. She reopened a correspondence, visited him at his office, talked with him, laughed with him, flirted with him, and a second time refused him. Then reason began to totter, flickered for awhile like an expiring lamp, and on Wednesday the last ray of intelligence left his brain. He became a raving maniac, fierce and cruel, and not able to contain his rage at the sight of a female's face. His first attack was upon a lady visitor at the house. He tore her clothes off and trampled them under foot. The frightened domestics rushed to the rescue, but the doctor demolished all who opposed him. He dashed his fists through mirrors—swept vases and clocks from the mantelpieces—twisted off gas-pipes—broke chairs and tables—dashed through a partition, and was only prevented from doing further violence by the arrival of two officers from the second station, who removed him from the house and kept him locked up until his friends sent him to an insane asylum, where he is now confined, and considered incurable.

MOST REMARKABLE CASE.—A most singular accident occurred in the year 1631, and which at the time created great sensation. On the 26th of February of that year, a man, named John Taylor, aged 20, a native of Prussia was at work as a sailor on board the brig Jane, of Scarborough, then in the London Docks; and while guiding the iron pivot of the trysail mast into the mainboom, the tackle broke, and the mast, which was 39 feet long, and 600 pounds in weight, descended upon Taylor. The iron pivot tore off half his scalp, which fell over his face; then striking his lower jaw, broke it, and knocked him down; lastly, piercing his chest obliquely, came out in the lower part of his back, and fixed in the deck. When thus transfixed, and otherwise injured, the man subsequently stated that he felt no pain. "I was in heaven," said he; nor was he at all inconvenienced during the withdrawal of the mast from his body by his fellow-seamen, but immediately afterwards experienced "unutterable agony," and at each act of inspiration the air rushed out from the wound in his chest, proving thereby that the lung was injured. He was carried to the London Hospital, where he so far recovered in five months from the effects of his severe injuries as to be able to walk a distance of some miles. He ultimately returned to his duty as a sailor, and has ever since, during a period of twenty-seven years, enjoyed, without interruption, the most excellent health. We saw him only a few days since.—*London Lancet.*

AN IMPERIAL AMUSEMENT.—In the midst of the doubts and anxieties which overhang Europe, in consequence of the prevailing war rumors, the Empress Eugenie is said to while away her time in playing a game thus described by the London Court Journal:—

The game, which is ingenious, and not more of a romping nature than is consistent with the activity and high spirits of her Majesty, is played by a *gentleman to whom the part falls* by lot, and who is at liberty to place the furniture in any difficult and intricate fashion he may choose. He is then furnished with a handful of paper cuttings, and calling in a loud voice upon any one of the ladies present "*Ramenez mes petits papiers*," he starts forward, in and through, and round about, over, between, and under the furniture, the lady thus challenged compelled to follow him in every turn and extreme expedient he may think proper to resort to, in order to pick up *les petits papiers*, which he, of course, takes care to drop at the most difficult juncture. This game is always a welcome one, and has been found of the greatest resource in whiling away the hours unoccupied by ceremony. In spite of all the gay cavaliers and diplomatic dandies assembled at Compeigne, it was the grave and learned pundit, Prosper Merrimee, who was considered the best leader of *petit papiers*, and numerous and *spirituel* enough were the puns to which his professional science at the game gave rise.

A ROMANTIC STORY.—The Bucyrus (Ill.) Journal states that some five years ago a carpenter moved from that place to Missouri, where he sold a pair of horses to a stock buyer, receiving all his pay in bills on a Kentucky bank. When he attempted to pass them, they were found to be counterfeit, and the carpenter was arrested; the horse-dealer swore he paid him in Indiana bills, and the unfortunate man was sentenced to the penitentiary. His wife failing to obtain a pardon, followed the horse-dealer for two years and a-half, seeking evidence that he, not her husband, was the counterfeiter; and at length her efforts were rewarded. At Newton, N. J., he was taken sick; the wife told her story to the physician, who dosed his patient heavily, and then told him he was about to die. The sick man was frightened, sent for a minister, and confessed that he was connected with a gang of counterfeiters, and had paid the bad bills to the carpenter. Furnished with the proofs of this confession, the wife returned to Missouri, secured the release of her husband, and the couple are now residing at Knoxville, Illinois.

VALUE OF A LIFE.—Mr. Charles M. Willich, of London, has published a simple rule for computing the probable value of property in life at any age from five to sixty. He says that the expectation of life is equal to two-thirds of the difference between the age of the party and eighty. Thus, say a man is now twenty years old. Between that age and eighty there are sixty years. Two-thirds of sixty are forty; and this is the sum of his expectation of life. If a man be now sixty, he will have an expectation of nearly fourteen years more. By the same rule, a child of five had a contingent lien on life for fifty years. Every one can apply the rule to his own age. Mr. Willich's hypothesis may be as easily remembered as that by Dr. Moivre, in the last century, which has now become obsolete from the greater accuracy of mortality tables. The results obtained by the new law correspond very closely with those from Dr. Farr's English Life Table, constructed with great care from an immense mass of returns.

A GIANT FARMER.—The Rockford Republican says that Mr. Jacob Strawn, of Illinois, has earned for himself the reputation of the giant farmer of the West. Twenty-seven years ago he emigrated to that State a poor man. His operations were small at first, but continued to increase each year until he had reduced over 30,000 acres of land to a state of cultivation. He has one farm of 10,000 acres, and another of 7,800. He has one corn-field in Morgan county, nearly six miles long. He has usually employed from 200 to 300 men, and a large number of horses. Every year, until quite recently, he has stalled from 5,000 to 6,000 head of cattle, and kept other live stock in proportionate numbers. In these twenty-seven years he has made a fortune of a million of dollars, and he is still hale and vigorous to enjoy it.

☞ Slight circumstances give us the keenest insight into the secrets of character.

NEWS ITEMS.

GAZZANIGA returns to New York from Havana the wife of Mr. Albetis, one of the most popular music teachers of the city.

THE MILITARY FORCE OF EUROPE.—The present military force of Europe numbers nearly five millions of men, and the naval force over a quarter of a million. This fact will give some idea of the immense cost of maintaining the present political arrangements in that quarter of the globe. Every little State and Principality, as well as every great power, is increasing its armed forces, till the number fully equals the sixth of the entire population.

A NEW GUINEVRA.—A little girl, in Cincinnati, one day last week, when playing "hide and seek" with a companion, hid in an old trunk, the lid of which fastened with a clash. She screamed for help till exhausted, when an alarm was raised by her long absence, and a search made. She was found almost dead from the exhaustion of the air. The little sufferer would probably have not lived many minutes longer.

AT a Baptist church in Norwich, recently, the minister was going to baptise a candidate, suddenly they paused, held a hurried consultation, made a retreat; and it was announced that the ceremony would be postponed till evening. The rest of the services were gone through with by an audience more diverted than edified, for, before the service was ended, the whole congregation had learned that the pool was half full of dirty soap-suds—and various were the surmises as to how they got there. In the course of the day it leaked out that *the Sexton had taken a bath there on Saturday night, and had forgotten to let off the water!*"

DEATH OF A BRIDEGROOM.—A young man named Myron Reed, a resident of Tully, Onondago County, was engaged to a Miss Louisa Brown, of the same town, and the celebration of their nuptials was to have occurred on Monday, the 14th ult. On Saturday, while paying a visit to his betrothed, Mr. Reed took up a letter and proceeded to peruse it. Thinking he was occupied a long time in its perusal, the young lady spoke to him, but he did not answer; she went nearer, and spoke louder—but when she came near to him, discovered that he was *a corpse!* Reed was buried on Monday—the very day fixed for his marriage. He was arrayed in his wedding costume for burial, and his betrothed followed him to the tomb in her bridal attire.

A COMMITTEE in New-Haven, appointed to inquire into the injury done to shade trees by leakage from gas pipes, report that forty elms have been killed in that city from this cause, during the last three or four years—twenty-one of them last Summer, owing to a flash of lightning, which followed the pipes under ground and caused leaks.

THE Port Hope (C. W.) Guide, reports the fact that, a few days ago, a man in that city, on a wager, ate 9½ pounds of fresh codfish; the codfish was boiled. After this performance, he drank, by way of variety, *thirty-four* glasses of beer.

THE *Eco d'Italia* of March 19, learns from good authority, which it is not allowed to name, that the Hungarian patriot Kossuth, passed through France, with the consent and connivance of the French Government, and arrived *incognito* at Genoa. It is supposed that he will place himself at the head of Hungarian soldiers now in Lombardy. It is a well known fact, that during the last ten years Kossuth has been studying military science.

MISTAKE AT A FUNERAL.—About the end of last month, the following singular mistake was made at Dole, France:—Two persons had died at the hospital of that town, and were to be buried at the same time. The deceased were a young girl and a soldier of the garrison. Both coffins being placed alongside of each other, *they were so confounded that the young girl* was accompanied to her last home by a platoon of dragoons, with military honors, while the young soldier, covered with a white pall of flowers, pious emblems of purity and innocence, was borne on four feminine shoulders, and followed by a procession of young girls reciting prayers.

LOLA MONTEZ, at a recent lecture delivered in England, rebuked a "fashionable man," as she called him, for insulting her. But few persons could see what the insult consisted of; it is said, however, that the tip of the offending party's thumb had come in contact with his nasal organ.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Homestead gives the following: "It won't do to laugh at Connecticut any longer for wooden nutmegs. New Hampshire has beat her, and must be the banner State for roguery. I see in the newspapers that the Legislature of that State has been obliged to repeal the law offering a bounty for the destruction of crows, in consequence of the practice which has prevailed of procuring crows' eggs and hatching them under hens, and bringing forward the brood for the bounty."

THE London Critic is at length enabled to state, upon evidence of the highest authority, that the author of the celebrated *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, first published in 1844, and which has since gone through several editions, was the late Dr. George Combe, who died about a year ago.

A BOSTON paper says that the Adirondack Club, composed of philosophers, authors, *savans*, artists, and ordinary human beings, the prominent members of which are Ralph Waldo Emerson, James Russell Lowell, Professors Agassiz and Wyman, are about purchasing twelve thousand acres of land in the wilds of Adirondack, building a commodious camp house, and making all convenient arrangements for their annual sojourn in the woods. As the land can be purchased for 12½ cents per acre, it will be seen that the land, 12,000 acres of woods, lakes, ravines, brook-trout, bears and panthers can be bought and paid for without producing any great panic in the money market.

THE MORMONS.—The Utah correspondent of the Chicago (Illinois) Tribune, has noted down the social status of that Territory. The result is as follows:—387 men with 7 or more wives; of these, 13 have more than 19 wives; 730 men with 5 wives; 1,100 men with 4 wives; and 1,400 with more than one wife. The wives perform most of the labor of an establishment, and are therefore used instead of house and farm servants, seamstresses, &c. In this way the institution is economical.

LAWS OF THE RAILROAD.—An exchange says the following points, important, if true, to Rail-Road Companies as well as to railroad travellers, have been settled by legal decision:—

"It has been legally decided, that applicants for tickets on railroads can be ejected from the cars if they do not offer the exact amount of their fare. Conductors are not bound to make change.

"All railroad tickets are good until used, and conditions, 'good for this day only,' or otherwise limiting the time of genuineness, are of no account.

"Passengers who lose their tickets, can be ejected from the cars unless they purchase a second one.

"Passengers are bound to observe decorum in the cars, and are obliged to comply with all reasonable demands to show tickets. Standing upon the platform, or otherwise violating a rule of the Company, renders a person liable to be put from the train.

"No person has a right to monopolize more seats than he has paid for, and any article left in a seat, while the owner is temporarily absent, entitles him to the place on his return. This rule holds good in all theatres, churches, assemblies, or any public gatherings.

"The above rules are based upon legal decisions, and should invariably be complied with."

A BEE-LOVING Teuton of Milwaukie, says the News, of the 20th ult., some ten days since, was told by his fair Katrina, to whom he was betrothed, that she loved another. He pulled his hair, smote his bread-basket, and at a drug store purchased five grains of arsenic, first writing a note, in German, to his fickle but not frail fair one. But the arsenic didn't work, and the next day he took ten grains and wrote another letter. That failed to kill him, and the next day he took fifteen grains, and wrote another letter! and for nine days he has been taking arsenic, increasing his dose five grains a day, till he is actually *fat on it*, notwithstanding the counteraction caused by unrequited love, and he swears he will keep on till she marries him, or he has to bake his poison into arsenic loaves, and eat it in slices.

THE effects of the late P. Barton Key were sold by auction recently, in Washington.—Crowds of ladies attended the sale—a fact not very creditable to the sex.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—Supplies of Flour continue light. The inquiry for export and home consumption being very limited. We reduce our quotations 12½c ₱ bbl on superfine, and 25@37½ for the medium and lower grades of extras, of which the bulk of the stock now consists. The sales comprise 8000 bbls at $6,37½@6,50 ₱ bbl for superfine, closing at our lowest figure; $6,37½@6,75 for extra, and $6,75@7,50 for extra family, as in quality. The sales to the retailers and bakers have been to a moderate extent within the range of these quotations. Rye Flour comes forward slowly, and the stock is light. Sales of 400 bbls at $4,25@4,37½. Corn Meal is held firmly at the advanced noted last week. Sales of 500 bbls Penna at $3,87½, and 600 bbls Brandywine at $4,10. Buckwheat Meal has declined 1@2s.

GRAIN—Supplies of Wheat have been coming forward more freely, and the demand having fallen off, prices declined 2c ₱ bus. Sales of 12,000 bus at $1,55@1,62 ₱ bus for fair and prime red—closing at $1,58@1,60 for the latter description; $1,58 for ordinary, and $1,80@1,85 for choice white. Rye is in demand, 2000 bus Southern and Penna sold at $1. Corn has met an active inquiry, and fully 30,000 bus were disposed of at 88@89c, afloat, and 87@88c, in store, closing at our highest figures, including some prime white at 87c; inferior do at 84c, and damaged from 80@82c, as in quality. Oats are more inquired after, and 5000 bus sold at 54@54½c for Southern, and 54@56c for Penna. 3000 bus Barley Malt sold at 95c@1,10, and 5000 bus Rye Malt at 90c, on time. Barley is dull.

PROVISIONS—Supplies continue to come forward slowly, and the market has been very quiet. There is very little shipping demand and the trade have operated cautiously. Pork meets a limited inquiry. Sales of 200 bbls city packed Mess at $18,50@18,62½, and Prime at $18,25. Beef is only inquired after for ship's stores, for which sales are making at $15,@15,50, cash. Bacon—the market has been quiet, and the orders from the South have been extremely limited. Sales of Hams, in lots, at 11@13c for plain and fancy canvassed; Sides at 10½@10½c, and Shoulders at 8@8½c, on time. Green Meats have been exceedingly quiet, the receipts and stocks being light, and the demand moderate. Sales of 300 casks Hams, in pickle, at 10½@10½c; Sides at 9@9½c, and Shoulders at 7½@7½c, 60 days—now held at 7½c. Lard is held firmly, but the demand is limited. Small sales of bbls and tcs at 12½@12½c, and kegs at 13@13½c. Mixed packages of Country are selling at 11½@12c. Butter—There is a fair inquiry for Roll, but solid packed is neglected. The former is selling at 16@21c ₱ ℔, as in quality. The latter ranges from 10½ to 11c. Eggs have declined to 13@14c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The receipts, both here and at the South, continue to fall off rapidly, and prices, under the more favorable advices from abroad, are fully ⅛c better, with sales of some 1700 bales to note, in lots, at from 12 to 14c for Upland, and 12½@14½c for Gulfs, cash and time, closing at equal to 13¾c. cash, for middling fair Uplands.

BARK—Of Quercitron Bark the market is nearly bare, and it is much wanted. Sales of 66 hhds No 1 at $33 ₱ ton, and some first quality No 2 at $31. No sales of Tanners' Bark.

COAL—The recent rain and freshets have materially interfered with operations in the mining regions, and the amount coming forward, since our last report, both by Railroad and Canal, has fallen off. The supply, however, has been ample for the demand, as the orders from the Eastward, as well as from neighboring ports, come forward very slowly. Prices, however, have undergone no change.

COFFEE—The market has been quite firm, but the absence of supplies has tended to restrict operations. Sales of 300 bags Rio at 11½@11¾c; 600 bags Laguayra at 11¾@12c; some Maricaibo at 12c, and 300 bags St. Domingo at 10c ₱ ℔, 4 months.

FRUIT—Dried Apples are selling from 9 to 9½c ₱ ℔, as in quality, and Peaches from 9 to 12c for unpared quarters and halves. Cranberries and Green Apples are scarce.

FEATHERS are scarce and firm. Sales of good Western at 47@48c.

HEMP is quiet, and of American there is none left in first hands. A sale of Jute was made at $90 ₱ ton, 6 mos.

HIDES are in demand, but there are now no Foreign left in the importers' hands. An import of Porto Cabello and Caraccas, which arrived at the close of our last report, has been disposed of at 23½@24½c, 6 mos. City Slaughter have advanced to 11½c.

HOPS—The demand is limited. Sales of new Eastern and Western at 15@17c ₱ ℔.

IRON—The market has been exceedingly quiet since our last weekly report, but holders are firm in their views. Small sales of Anthracite at $24, $23, and $22 ₱ ton, 6 months, for the three numbers, and some of the latter on the furnace banks at $20. Of Scotch Pig Iron there is very little here, and holders demand $28, 6 mos. Blooms, Bar, and Boiler Iron sell slowly at previous rates.

LEAD—The stock is about exhausted. A sale of 1000 pigs Galena at 6½c ₱ ℔, cash. Bar Lead has advanced to 7c ₱ ℔.

LEATHER—There is a good demand, and prices are firm for all descriptions.

LUMBER—There is more inquiry, and supplies are beginning to come forward more freely. Sales of 100,000 feet Virginia Yellow Pine Sap Boards at $16@16,50 ₱ M feet; Hemlock at $9@9,50; White Pine Shipping Boards at $15,50, and Carolina Flooring Boards at $21@23 ₱ M feet. The market is bare of Spruce Joist and Boards. A cargo of inferior Laths sold at $1,25 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market is extremely quiet, but without quotable change in prices. The only transaction reported was a deck load of Cuba at 25c, on time.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed is limited. Sales of 800 bushels fair and prime at $5,75@6 ₱ 74 lbs, and 50 bags from second hands at 10c ₱ ℔ including some inferior lot at $4½@5; 300 bus Timothy sold at $2½@2¾ ₱ bus, at which figures it is in demand. Flaxseed is wanted and taken by the crushers on arrival at $1½.

SUGAR—The market is extremely quiet, the trade and the refiners holding back for lower prices, but holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 675 hhds and tcs Cuba at 7c; 700 hhds Porto Rico at 7c; some New Orleans at 7(@7¼c; and a cargo of 3500 bags Pernambuco at 6¼c ₱ ℔, all on time.

SPIRITS—Prices of Brandy and Gin continue without change. N E Rum is selling at 36@38c. Whiskey is held very firmly. Sales of Ohio bbls at 29@30c; Pennsylvania do at 28½c; hhds at 27½c, and Drudge at 25½@27c.

TOBACCO—There has been a steady demand for both Lump and Manufactured, but without essential change from previous quotations.

WOOL has been exceedingly quiet since our last weekly report, the manufacturers, both here and at the Eastward, being generally well supplied, and manifesting an unwillingness to purchase at present high quotations. The season for the "new clip" is near at hand.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

March 25 — BREADSTUFFS—Flour firm—sales of 11,500 bbls at $5,50@5,90 for State, $5,40@6,80 for Ohio, and $6,25@6,80 for Southern. Wheat dull; sales of 15,000 bus at 128@130c for Western red. Corn firm; sales of 25,000 bus at 76c for mixed, and 88½@90c yellow. Pork dull at $17,50@18 for Mess. Lard dull at 11½@11½c. Whiskey sells at 27½@28c.

NEWS ITEMS.

EXTENSIVE COMB FACTORY.—The largest comb factory in the world, is said to be at Aberdeen, Scotland, where nine million combs of horn and shell are produced every year. The quantity of ox and buffalo horns worked up is immense.

THE GROWING CROPS.—Texas papers, from Austin, Gonzales, Victoria and Matagorda, give the most cheering accounts of the wheat and corn crops, and predict a bountiful harvest. From Ohio and parts of Illinois, also, the papers report the wheat as presenting a thriving appearance, and covering a much larger area than was sown last year.

THERE is still a survivor of the Wyoming massacre living at Fenmer, Madison co., N. Y., Mr. David Stoddard, a hale and hearty old man of 91 years.

MISS HELEN DRESSER, sixteen years old, is lecturing in the Southern cities on Mormonism. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dresser, whose escape from Salt Lake City some two years since made a stir at the time.

ELOPEMENT.—A green grocer in Williamsburg, N. Y., the head of a family of five grown-up children, eloped last week with a fat widow, the mother of several adult sons and daughters. Both parties are on the shady side of fifty, and members of the church.

IN the New York House of Assembly, a resolution in favor of amending the Constitution, so as to extend free suffrage to colored persons, has been adopted by a vote of 83 to 21.

MONDAY, the 8th of April, has been agreed on for the trial of Mr. Sickles, a true bill having been returned against him.

A BILL for the incorporation of the Transatlantic Telegraph Company has been introduced into the Canadian Parliament. It provides for a line from Quebec via Labrador, with a capital of $1,000,000, which may be increased to 5,000,000. If the bill passes, the work is to be commenced within one year, and completed to Labrador within three years.

IT has been discovered that the woman who pretended to have lived for the past two years without food, at Port Edward, New York, has been imposing on the credulity of the public there.

CONGRESS passed an act in 1818, providing that one new star shall be added to the national flag on the 4th of July next succeeding the admission of a new State. So that the number will remain 32 until next 4th of July, after which it will be 33.

MAIL ROBBERS SENTENCED.—Sandy K. Clark was tried last week at Franklin, Ky., on a charge of committing depredations upon the mails, convicted, and sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

SOME OF THE LOST TRIBES.—The Jewish Chronicle states that the remnants of a Jewish colony have been found at Kai-fung-foo, China. A communication is about to be opened with these sons of Israel by their British co religionists, and they will be requested to send two youths to England to receive a European education. They have been separated from all intercourse with the remainder of their race for a period of six centuries.

SUSPENSION.—Archbishop Hughes has suspended the Rev. Dr. Dayman, of New York, for saying that "Hell is paved with the skulls of bad priests," and other intemperate words. The deposed priest, who is a convert from Protestantism, addressed his people in the street, last Sunday, and invited them to form an independent congregation.

A CURIOUS, and almost a serious circumstance, happened recently in this city. It seems that a person residing at Eleventh and Race streets, who had been smoking a cigar, threw the remains from a second-story window. The stump fell into the pocket of a passer-by, and perfectly unconscious of what had happened, he continued on his journey. Upon arriving at Eighth street, he was astonished to find that his clothing was on fire, and that the whole side of his coat had been consumed.

GEN. WILLIAM WALKER A CATHOLIC PRIEST.—The *Propagateur Catholique*, a southern Catholic journal, learns from persons worthy of confidence, that General Walker, recently converted to the Catholic Church, has determined to enter a religious order, and become a Catholic priest.

MRS. CATHARINE G. OGIER, of Chester county, Pa., having brought suit against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for twenty thousand dollars damages sustained by the loss of her husband, Dr. Ogier, who was killed by the cars about a year ago, the arbitrators gave her fifteen thousand dollars damages against the Company, and the costs. Dr. Ogier must have been a very good husband, to be worth that much.

WASHINGTON HUNG IN EFFIGY.—The following curious extract from Frank Moore's "*Diary of the Revolution*," will be news to the community at large:—

"*November* 8.—At Edmonton, on Wednesday, a gibbet was erected, under which a load of wood was laid, and from the gibbet hung a figure, with a mark for a face, and on its breast a label, with this inscription: 'Washington, General of the Americans.' In the evening, the General and the gibbet were reduced to ashes."—*Rivington's Royal Gazette, January*, 1778.

STRYCHNINE WHISKEY.—The annual report of the Inspectors of the Philadelphia County Prison shows that the cases of *mania-a-potu* are fearfully on the increase. This is occasioned by the introduction of strychnine and other poisonous drugs into those liquors which are now the common drink of so large a portion of the people.

SINGULAR AND HORRIBLE DEATH.—About a week ago, a domestic named Ellen Vaugn, employed at the Union House, in this city, had her ears perforated for the purpose of wearing ear-rings. The operation was performed in the usual manner, and with the usual results at the time. On the second day after the piercing, her ears commenced swelling, and she, supposing nothing serious, left employment, and went home. The third day, the swelling and inflammation increased rapidly, when she became deaf, blind and speechless; erysipelas set in, and for three days the unfortunate suffered terribly, when death released her. We have never heard of a death by this operation, but we are told by those who have had their ears pierced, that it is extremely hazardous, and is often attended with great pain.—*Troy Budget.*

THE New Jersey Legislature received a communication two or three days since from Sarah Hunt, a member of the Society of Friends, stating that she felt a "concern" to pay them a religious visit. A time was appointed to receive her, and the occasion, it is to be hoped, was to "edification."

A REMARKABLE instance of *prima facia* evidence led to the detection of some burglars last week. While engaged in their depredations in a store, they upset a cask of indigo, with some of which lively pigment adhering to their feet, they literally painted their way home in the dark. How blue they must have looked when daylight and the officers dawned upon them.—*Portland Transcript.*

GEN. JACKSON was born in South Carolina. He says so himself. In the *proclamation* elicited by the South Carolina ordinance, he begins an appeal to the people of South Carolina, with this language: "Fellow citizens of *my native State.*" If an individual can be presumed to *know* anything as to the place of his birth, we should think this language would decide the point in debate.

HALSE, the English Norfolk giant, is 7 feet 7 inches high, nearly 800 pounds in weight, and proportionate in every respect.

STEALING THE SMALL POX.—A man died lately of small pox, at the corner of Franklin and Willoughby Avenues, Brooklyn. Late in the evening, the family of the de eased placed the sheets and bedding on which the deceased died in the yard. During the night some thief passed the house, saw the articles, and stole them.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.—There seems to be no end to the curious discoveries in photography. The properties of light are ever developing new and wonderful results. A Mr. Moser, of Konigsberg, Prussia, it is said, has made the following curious scientific discovery:—He has shown that light constantly emanates from all bodies, even in complete darkness, and that when placed near each other they receive upon their surfaces reciprocally pictures of each other. These photographic pictures, however, are invisible, and continue to be so until they are developed by the application of certain vapors, such as that of water, mercury, iodine, &c. These marvellous discoveries of Mr. Moser have been fully confirmed by other more recent inquirers.

ETHERIZATION OF INSANE PEOPLE.—Dr. John E. Tyler, the superintendent of the McLean Asylum, in his last Annual Report to the Government of the Massachusetts General Hospital, thus refers to the use of sulphuric ether among the insane people under his charge:—It is proper to remark, that sulphuric ether, introduced to the world as an anæsthetic, from the other branch of this institution, is daily proving itself a valuable agent in the treatment of insanity. So far as I have learned, no accident or uncomfortable occurrence has ever resulted from a discriminating use of a pure article. It causes more than a mere temporary effect of quiet and sleep, having a general soothing and curative influence upon the system.

MARSHAL BARAGUAY D'HILLIERS at Nantes, recently made a distribution of St. Helena medals to the old soldiers of the Empire. Among the number was a woman named Jeanne Louise Antonini, who has served in male attire ten years in the navy, and fifteen years in the infantry, where she attained the rank of a non-commissioned officer in the 70th regiment of the line. She received nine wounds while bravely fighting!

A SNOW storm occurred at St. Paul, Minn., on the 12th ultimo, which, the Times says, is unprecedented in the history of the settlement of the State. The snow was a foot deep on a level, and drifted in many places to a depth of three and four feet.

"THE supposed murder of Mike Walsh" is the title of a street ballad in New York. There are four verses, of which the first and last are fair specimens. They read:

'Tis of a dreadful tragedy, to you I will relate.
The murder of Mike Walsh, in this glorious Empire State.
The Coroner, in his verdict—I'm sure it is no joke—
Says the end of poor Mike was by a cruel shoke.

His friends and companions, and he had a host,
Know by his death a friend they have lost;
His fate is a sad one, and makes many a one think,
And the papers say, he did indulge in drink.

CAUTION TO LADIES.—We (Glasgow Bulletin) have been shown a portion of the cord sold as crinoline for stuffing petticoats, after seeing which we are really not at all astonished that so many melancholy accidents from fire should have occurred to ladies wearing this fashion.—The articles used in this case to give a large circumference to the dress was neither steel nor horsehair, but had the appearance of cord which had been rendered stiff by being subjected to some peculiar process. Upon examination, it was found that this was an old artillery match or fusee, which had been probably purchased cheap at some sale of spoiled military stores, on account of its being damp. A light was applied to a portion of the crinoline in our office, and it burned rapidly away, the powder making a greater explosion and blaze than is caused by an ordinary squib.

☞ The blemishes of great men are not the less blemishes; but unfortunately they are the parts for imitation.—*Disraeli.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	105	
" " '67	106	—
" " '68	103	—
6 " coupon '74	101¼	
Phila 6 pr ct, old	99	99½
" " new	—	103
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct	75	—
" 6 coupon	—	55
Allg'y City 6 pr ct	—	—
" County "	—	—
R R issue	50	61½
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 " coupon	94½	
" 5 "	93	—
Tenn 6 pr ct	91	92
5 " coupon	80	81
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri 6 "	69½	—
Ohio 6 " 1856	100½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
Virginia 6 "	97½	—
Indiana State 5 pr ct	88	—
Can. State 5 pr ct		
new bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	—	141
Philadelphia	119	120
Far & Mec	60	—
Commercial	—	81½
N Liberty	51	—
Mechanics	26	28½
Southwark	68	—
P Township	33	35½
Kensington	66½	—
Girard	12½	12¾
Western	70	—
Man & Mech	27½	27½
Commerce	63	—
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	46½	—
Consolidation	25	—
Commonwealth	21½	23
Corn Exchange	24	—
Germantown	56½	60
Pittsburg, Pittsb'g	56	—
Exchange	59	62
Kentucky "	117	—
Northern "	125	—
Louisville "	110	115
Farmers "	122	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	90
Planters "	107	—
N O Gas Light	—	150
Com & R R Bank		
Vicksburg	7	74
Washington Gas		
Light Co	24	—
Lehigh Zinc	1	1
New Creek	1	
New Grenada	½	¾
N America Ins'nce	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	20½	—
Southwark & Frankford RR	60	—
Bonds	—	91½

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS & LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R		
1st mort bonds	101	101½
2nd "	93½	—
" stock		
Interest off	43½	44
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds 1864	—	95
" stock	—	117
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	85	85½
mort 5's '44	—	—
" " '66	75½	76
" stock	24½	25
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	—	89½
" stock	41½	42
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	36½	—
6 pr ct loan '69	97½	—
Ches Val R R 7s	41	43
Ziona R R	75	80
Will'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	72½	72
2d "	—	55
" stock	91	94
Catawissa	6	6½
Beaver Meadow stock	57½	57½
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penna R R stock	—	94
6 pr ct loan	64	65
Phi Ger & Nor RR stock	51	—
6 pr ct loan	99	—
Minehill R R	89½	89½
Har and Lan R R stock	55½	96½
bonds '85	94	96
L. Schuylkill R R stock	21	25
Long Island R R stock	10½	11½
bonds	—	85
Erie R R stock	10½	—
Hudson River R R	31½	—
N Y Centre "	79	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	65½	—
Michigan Southern	13½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan '32	32½	75½
imp. 6 pr ct	78	79½
stock	9½	9½
preferred	18½	19½
Lehigh Nav stock	51	—
mort 6 pr ct	99	100
scrip	—	29
Morris Canal'd	47½	50
preferred	104½	105½
Cses & Del bonds	77½	—
Union bonds	24	—
Sus & Tidewater bonds	54	55
bonds 1878	54½	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 26, 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis
Relief notes 4-10 dis
NEW JERSEY.
Solv bks par to ½ dis
DELAWARE.
Solv bks par to ½ dis
MARYLAND.
Baltimore ½ dis
Solv bks ½ to ¾ dis
NEW YORK.
Solv bks par to ½ dis
MAINE.
Solv bks ½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solv bks ½ dis
VERMONT.
Solv bks ½ dis
CONNECTICUT.
Solv bks ½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.
Solv bks ½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.
Solv bks ½ dis
VIRGINIA.
Solv bks ½ to ¾ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.
Solv bks ½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ¾ to 1 dis
GEORGIA.
Solvent banks ½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ½ dis
ALABAMA.
Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
MISSISSIPPI.
All bks uncertain
LOUISIANA.
Solv bks ¾ dis
OHIO.
Solv bks ½ dis
KENTUCKY.
Solv bks ½ dis
INDIANA
State bank ½ dis
ILLINOIS.
Solv bks 1½ dis
MISSOURI.
Solv bks ½ dis
TENNESSEE.
Old banks 2 dis
MICHIGAN.
Solv bks 1½ dis
WISCONSIN.
Solv bks 1½ dis
TEXAS.
Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis
CANADA.
Solv bks 1 dis

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 900 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Wardell's Avenue Drove Yard:—5 head sold by Christy, 8@9½; 90 McQuaid, Mooney & Co, Lancaster co, 9½@10½; 7 J Trainer, Chester co, 9½@10½; 9 J Felkimer, Ohio, 8@9½; 16 J Harsh, do, sold by Brubaker, 9@10½; 15 T Mastersen, Lancaster co, 9½@10½; 14 A Reidebaugh, Chester co, 9½@10; 16 Underwood & Baldwin, do, 9@10½; 15 Longenecker, Lancaster co, by Eckman, 9½@10½. Sheep—2000 sold at from 6½ to 7½c ₩ lb. gross.

The following sales of Beef Cattle were made at the Bull's Head Drove Yard:—5 head B Hood, Chester co, 9@10½; 23 J Bastable, by Cochran & McCall, Ind, 9@10½; 20 Rizeholt, by Seldomridge, Lancaster co, 10@10½; 2 J Todd, Chester co, 10½; 24 Kirk & Hathaway, do, 9½@10½; 17 G Seldomridge, Lancaster co, 10@10½; 46 Jemmisson, by C & McCall, 9½@10½; 15 A Hannaker, Chester co, 9½@10; 2 J Hull, 10; 49 Robinson, by Cochran & McCall, Ohio, 9@10; 6 Scott & Kimble, Chester co, 10@10½.

GOOD NEWS.

What better news to the afflicted than to inform them of a remedy that is going to restore them to health? Have you the Dyspepsia or Liver Complaint? Are your digestive organs debilitated or your nervous system affected? If so, at once resort to the use of "HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS," and you will be completely and permanently cured. For sale by druggists and dealers in medicines everywhere at 75 cents per bottle.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, is a pleasant remedy for every kind of cough, cold, and irritation of the breathing apparatus; it is a safe remedy; it is a powerful remedy; it is a speedy remedy; it is a remedy that *cures*.

☞ Buy none unless it has the *written* signature of "*I. Butts*" on the wrapper.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. A. Durborow, Mr. THOMAS ANDERSON, to Miss MARTHA SPEAR, both of this city.

On the 25th of Nov. by the Rev. A. C. Cookman, Mr. HORATIO N. PEDRICK, of Wilmington, Delaware, to Miss MARIA T. BERLSFORD, of Burlington, N. J.

On the 21st of March, 1852, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, J. GEORGE TEUPEL, to Miss EMILIE WILLIE, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. T. S. Johnston, Mr. GEORGE CRIDER, to Miss MARGARET J. REANEY, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. AMOS D. KENNEDY, to Miss MARY E. daughter of the late D. Miller, both of this city.

On the 14th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Turner, Mr. MORTIMER, to Miss MARTHA FULTZ, both of this city.

On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. D. B. Cheney, Mr. RICHARD D. MORGAN, to Miss JANE HARPER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th ultimo, ELIZABETH TODD, aged 31 years.

On the 22d ultimo, JAMES MITCHELL, aged 55.

On the 21st ultimo, SAMUEL W. EARL, aged 42 years.

On the 21st ultimo, ELIZABETH, wife of Dr. T. W. Dyott, aged 71 years.

On the 20th ultimo, MRS. RACHEL HESTON, aged 83 years.

On the 20th ultimo, MRS. RACHEL WHITE, aged 68 years.

On the 19th ultimo, MARY, wife of Mr. Samuel Griffith, of Norristown.

On the 19th ultimo, ARCHIBALD WILKINSON, aged 29 years.

On the 20th ultimo, WILLIAM A. KENSIL, aged 36 years.

On the 19th ultimo, ANN, wife of Jonathan Petit, aged 70 years.

On the 19th ultimo, MARY WHITEHEAD, aged 29 years.

SIX YEARS IN NORTHERN AND CENTRAL AFRICA.

TRAVELS AND DISCOVERIES IN NORTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA,

BEING A JOURNAL OF AN EXPEDITION UNDERTAKEN UNDER THE AUSPICES OF H. B. M.'S GOVERNMENT, IN THE YEARS 1849–55.

BY HENRY BARTH, Ph. D., D.C.L., Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Asiatic Societies, &c., &c.

Price, $1,25.

This great work we have just published from the English edition, uniform with our edition of LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA, with a Map of Africa, giving the routes of Dr. LIVINGSTONE and Dr. BARTH, making it, altogether, one of the most interesting and valuable books ever published. We want Agents and Canvassers to sell this work, with other popular and saleable works in all parts of the United States.

N. B. Specimen copies sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of the price, $1,25.

J. W. BRADLEY, Publisher,
No. 48 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

SELPHO'S PATENT ANGLESEY LEG and HAND, No. 516 Broadway, N. York. Send for a circular.

"The best of all is the proof of those who wear them. This is positive and undeniable."—*Dr. Valentine Mott.* ap2-2t

LOCAL AND TRAVELLING AGENTS WANTED, to sell the VEGETABLE EXTERMINATOR of Rats, Mice, Birds and Squirrels. Great inducements offered to honest, industrious persons. For particulars and a small sample, inclose 12 cents, and address TUTTLE & CO.,
mar26-3t 109½ Broadway, New York.

BRICK PRESS FACTORY, No. 309 South Fifth St., Phila. S. P. MILLER
mar19-3t

AGENTS $4 TO $10 PER DAY!—New Articles of Utility, Novelty, Beauty, and Saleability, demanded in every Family, Office, and Manufactory. Presenting Honorable and Profitable Inducements for Merchants, Postmasters, and Traders, either Local or Travelling, throughout the Union. Books containing descriptions, terms, references, and notices, mailed *free*, on application to
S. J. BESTOR,
Importer of Watches and Manufacturing Jeweler,
No. 34 South 3d St.,
feb26-eow6t Philada., Pa.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell four new inventions. Agents have made over $25,000 on one—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 36 pages of particulars, gratis.
feb5-13t EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & CO., Boston, Mass.
SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Conn.
HUNT & MINER, Pittsburg.
S. W. FEASE & CO., 29 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
McNALLY & CO., 75 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn.
ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

SEVEN YEARS IN THE WILDS OF SIBERIA.

ORIENTAL AND WESTERN SIBERIA:
A NARRATIVE OF SEVEN YEARS' EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES IN ORIENTAL and WESTERN SIBERIA, MONGOLIA, THE KIRGHIS STEPPES, CHINESE TARTARY, AND PART OF CENTRAL ASIA.
BY THOMAS WILLIAM ATKINSON.
WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.
Price $1,25.

This work contains all the matter of the English edition, costing Twelve Dollars, and is the most complete and reliable work ever published on Siberia. Being under the protection of the Russian Government, Mr. Atkinson had opportunities for explorations and collecting interesting statistics of this hitherto almost unknown country, never before enjoyed by any other traveller.

It is published in uniform style with our edition of DR. LIVINGSTONE'S and DR. BARTH'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA, and should be in every library.

☞ Canvassers wanted, to whom the largest commission will be paid.

N. B. Specimen Copies sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of the price, $1,25.

J. W. BRADLEY, Publisher,
48 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

618 MARKET STREET.
J. LADOMUS
Has constantly on hand a large assortment of the celebrated AMERICAN, ENGLISH and SWISS WATCHES, warranted accurate time-keepers, which he is selling lower than ever offered, Wholesale and Retail; also, Jewelry and Silver and Silver-plated Ware of every style. Orders sent to any part of the United States.
No. 618 MARKET ST., Cor. Decatur.

REAL LACE GOODS.

L. J. LEVY & CO.,

Have received by late arrivals, a very choice and extensive assortment of

LACE GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

SETTS, COLLARS, SCARFS,
FLOUNCES, VEILS, SHAWLS, &c.

OPENING DAILY,

NEW FLOUNCED SILK ROBES.
GRENADINE AND BAREGE ROBES.
FOULARD MOUSELINES, ORGANDIES.
LAWNS, CHINTZES, &c.

809 AND 811 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

AGENTS WANTED for Osborn's PALESTINE PAST AND PRESENT," Barclay's "CITY OF THE GREAT KING," and Wilson's "NEW HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO." Heavy per centage allowed on these elegant and saleable works.
JAMES CHALLEN & SON,
Philadelphia.

SMALL-POX MARKS REMOVED:—DR. R. H. STANWAY will send his celebrated recipe (discovered by the Countess de Brissac, 1716, for the eradication of Small-Pox marks, scars, and all diseases or disfigurements of the skin, GRATIS, to any person inclosing two postage stamps to
DR. R. H. STANWAY,
Box 4505, General Post Office, New York.

ENTIRELY NEW.—Every person their own printer for $1,00.—*Six Alphabets of Brilliant Colored Letters*, one inch wide, sent to order by mail for $1,00, with printed directions by which the most inexperienced can arrange any name or word neatly upon Cards, Paper, Drawers, Boxes, &c. By ordering these letters in quantities, a first rate opportunity is offered to any one to make money, as they will be sure to sell at a good profit in every town and village in the United States. Sample words (or names of not more than ten letters) will be sent to any address by inclosing 4 Red Stamps to GEORGE K. SNOW,
1t Pathfinder Office, Boston, Mass.

CONJURING!—THE WHOLE ART of Conjuring made easy, containing full instructions for performing nearly 200 of the most astounding and wonderful Feats of Hocus-Pocus, Sleight-of-Hand, Ventriloquism and Legerdemain. Profusely Illustrated. Price 13 cents. Sent postpaid, by mail. Address M. M. SANBORN,
1t Brasher Falls, N. Y.

INVENTORS, PATENTS, PATENTEES,

CIRCULARS of "ADVICE HOW TO PROCURE PATENTS FOR NEW INVENTIONS" are sent free by MUNN & CO., Editors of the Scientific American, upon application.
mar26-8t Office, No. 37 Park Row, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED—$5 to $10 per day profit.—All may apply. Send a red stamp, for particulars, to DR. EARL,
feb26-3m 129 Franklin St., N. Y.

DEAFNESS CURED AT HOME, at a trifling cost. For particulars, address
mar26-2t E. G. HOLMES, 21 Suffolk St., N. Y

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty-five cents a line for the first insertion.

Thirty cents a line for each subsequent insertion

Double Column Advertisements—One dollar a line for every insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

A NEW WORK BY DR. MACKENZIE.

TRESILLIAN AND HIS FRIENDS,

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, D. C. L., EDITOR OF "NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ," Etc., LITERARY EDITOR OF FORNEY'S PRESS.

JUST PUBLISHED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
22 and 24 NORTH FOURTH ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

One Vol., 12mo. Price $1,25.

For sale by booksellers generally, or will be sent by mail on receipt of the price by the Publishers.
ap2-3t

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND:
Twelve Pages of Popular Music for 10 Cents.

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND" is filled with the best Piano Solos, Duets, Songs, Operatic Arias, Polkas, Mazurkas, Quadrilles, Waltzes, and every other species of musical composition for Voice and Piano by the best American and European Composers; printed on full-sized music-paper, adapted to every grade of performer.

The same quantity of music, procured from the regular publishers would cost more than ten times what we charge.

A year's subscription to "OUR MUSICAL FRIEND," will secure new and fashionable music, worth at least TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS, and entirely sufficient for the home circle.

PRICE TEN CENTS, WEEKLY.

Yearly, $5, Half Yearly, $2,50; Quarterly, $1,25.

The Volume commenced on the 1st of December, 1858.

C. B. SEYMOUR & CO.,
PROPRIETORS,
mar12-4t 13 Frankfort Street, New York.

$2,000 A YEAR.

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7 can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 per DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,)
ACTON & CO.,
oct30-tf 41 North Sixth St., Philada.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST ARTICLE FOR THE HAIR.

COCOINE.

PREPARED FROM HIGHLY PURIFIED COCOANUT OIL.

THIS preparation possesses extraordinary properties for preserving and beautifying the hair and also restoring its naturally luxuriant and glossy appearance.

One application, however harsh the hair may be, renders it soft and glossy.

It is admitted to be the best and cheapest hair-dressing in the world.

PHALON & SON,

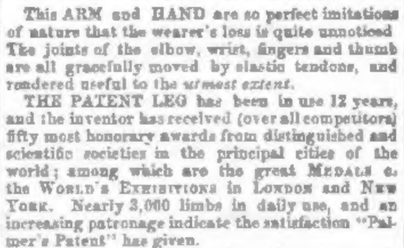
Nos. 517, 497 and 197 Broadway, New York, where all letters will receive attention, and the article safely put up and sent. Pint bottles, 50 cents; half-pints, 25 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Wholesale Agents.

jan 22-3m

TO INVENTORS AND PATENTEES

ELLIOT & PATTEN procure AMERICAN and FOREIGN PATENTS, and attend to all business pertaining thereto. *Inquiries regarding the novelty and patentability of inventions answered without charge.* Agency opposite main entrance, Patent Office, Washington, District of Columbia. feb22-eowtf



This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic tendons, and rendered useful to the *utmost extent.*

THE PATENT LEG has been in use 12 years, and the inventor has received (over all competitors) fifty most honorary awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world; among which are the great MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS in LONDON and NEW YORK. Nearly 3,000 limbs in daily use, and an increasing patronage indicate the satisfaction "Palmer's Patent" has given.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant. B. FRANK PALMER,
oct6-1y 376 Chestnut St., Philada.

MOTHERS!
MOTHERS!! MOTHERS!!!

Don't fail to procure Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. It has no equal on earth. It greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay all pain, and is sure to regulate the bowels. Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and relief and health to your infants. Perfectly safe in all cases.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most experienced and skilful female Physicians in New England, and has been used with never-failing success in millions of cases.

Sure to give immediate relief to infants suffering from wind colic.

Millions of bottles are sold every year in the United States. It is an old and well-tried remedy.

PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.

☞ None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

Sold by *T. W. DYOTT & SONS*, Philadelphia, and by Druggists throughout the world.
jan22-13t

THE SPRING OF THE YEAR IS THE proper time to take cleansing and purifying medicines, of which Swaim's Panacea stands preeminent.

SWAIM'S CELEBRATED PANACEA, FOR THE CURE OF SCROFULA, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, GENERAL DEBILITY, WHITE SWELLING, RHEUMATISM, DISEASES OF THE LIVER AND SKIN, AND ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD AND THE EFFECTS OF MERCURY.

Swaim's Panacea has been for more than thirty years celebrated in this country and in Europe for its extraordinary cures, for the certificates of which reference is made to the directions and books (which may be had gratis) accompanying the Panacea; some of which give the particulars of cases too frightful for general publication, where the patients have been almost eaten up with Scrofula, and were deemed incurable by physicians.

It has been used in hospitals and private practice, and has been recommended by the most celebrated physicians and other eminent persons.—Among others, by W. Gibson, M. D., Prof. of Surgery, Pa. University; Valentine Mott, M. D., Prof. of Surgery, N. Y. University; W. P. Dewees, M. D., Prof. Mid., Penn. University; N. Chapman, M. D., Prof. of Physic, Penn. University; T. Park, M. D., President College Physicians, Phila.; Dr. Del Vallo, Prof. of Medicine, Havana; Jose Eourenco de Lux, Prof. of Surgery, Lisbon; J. Chipman, Member of Royal College Surgeons, London; G. W. Irving, late Minister to Spain; Sir Thomas Pearson, Major-General British Army; Gilbert Robertson, British Consul, &c.

The wonderful cures effected by SWAIM'S PANACEA have for many years made it an invaluable remedy. The Panacea does not contain mercury in any form, and, being an innocent preparation, it may be given to the most tender infant.

The retail price has been reduced to $1,50 per bottle, (containing three half pints,) or three bottles for $4.

BEWARE OF IMPOSITION.

Swaim's Panacea is in round bottles, fluted longitudinally, with the following letters blown on the glass:

"SWAIM'S—PANACEA—PHILADA."

Having the name of JAS. SWAIM stamped on the sealing wax and written on the label covering the cork, and a splendid engraving on the side of the bottle, by Draper & Co., bank note engravers, in the centre of which is a portrait of the late Wm. Swaim, (copyright secured.)

If persons purchasing the Panacea will be careful to observe that the name SWAIM is correctly spelled, they need not be imposed on.

ALSO, SWAIM'S VERMIFUGE,

A valuable Family Medicine, being a highly approved remedy for all diseases arising from debility of the digestive organs, such as Acidity of the Stomach, Worms, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Fever and Ague, Bleeding Piles, Sick Headache, &c.—See the pamphlet (which may be had gratis) accompanying the Vermifuge.

Prepared only at SWAIM'S LABORATORY, THE OLD STAND, SOUTH SEVENTH STREET, BELOW CHESTNUT, Philadelphia, and sold by all Druggists in the United States.

General Agents for the United States,
SCHIEFFELIN BROTHERS & CO.,
mar26-3t 170 William Street, New York.

IMPORTANT TO ENTERPRISING MEN.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR INDUSTRY;
OR,
1000 CHANCES FOR BUSINESS.

1 *Vol., Cloth, good Paper*, 420 *Pages. Price* $1,25.

A gentleman has already reported that the remarks on Banks, in this book, have suggested to him a speculation, and he has now gone to Virginia to reap a golden harvest. Another has said he would not take $100 for his copy, if he could not replace it. The Press commends it as THE BOOK ON MONEY-MAKING. (*See Post, March 19th.*) For sale by *all dealers in books* everywhere, and mailed, *post free*, on receipt of price by

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
22 and 24 North Fourth St., Philada.

P. S.—"OPPORTUNITIES FOR INDUSTRY" is a first rate book for Agents and Colporteurs to sell. mar26-tf

BOOK AGENTS!

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, at LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau Street, New York; if you live West, the same, 111 Main St., Cincinnati. mh15-tf

WANTED! AGENTS, EVERYWHERE, to sell by subscription some of the *best* Religious, Historical and Biographical Books published. Active and industrious Young Men, having but a small capital, will find this business very pleasant, and affording a profit of from $2,00 to $3,00 per day. Our publications are adapted to supply the Literary wants of every family, and contain no objectionable matter whatever.

For full particulars, address
LEARY & GETZ, Publishers,
feb19-10t No. 224 N. Second Street, Phila.

SECRET ART OF CATCHING FISH

In any water, as fast as you can pull them out, *and no humbug*—sent for $1. Address
mar26-t

Wit and Humor

ANECDOTE OF ELLEN TREE.

BY SOL SMITH.

Gas had not been introduced into St. Louis in 1839, and our oil lamps at the wings had a dangerous way of flaring up in a most unruly manner, occasionally, threatening to set fire to the lamp ladders, and thus endanger the building. The lamps were open "floates," with wick holders coming up from the bottom, and the oil, when heated, would take fire, and burn up in a large flame. To guard against accidents, we had a tub of water placed on each side of the stage, with a large swab or mop in it, ready for use at any moment; and scarcely a night passed without a swabbing being required. The wing hands (subordinate stage carpenters) were instructed to keep a strict watch over the wing lamps, and to use *the swab* promptly, whenever occasion might require. Besides these watchers, every actor and actress felt a deep interest in the swabbing process, and it was not an unusual thing to see *Richard the Third* or *Hamlet*, just before entering upon the stage, catch up a swab and dash it upon the rising flames, which, if not attended to, were likely to burn up the Tower of London, or the Royal Palace at Elsinore.

Miss Tree was performing the part *of Juliet*, and had taken her station (Act II, Scene 2,) on the balcony, for the purpose of enjoying the fresh night breeze, after the fatigue of the ball which had concluded in the previous act, and to think of the young pilgrim who had so greatly interested her during the festival, when, casting her eyes over the way, she saw that one of the wing lamps was just beginning to flare up, and all eyes being fixed upon *her*, there was imminent danger of a conflagration. The fair *Juliet* had taken her seat on the balcony, but was observed to fidget and turn in her chair in a most un-*Juliet*-like manner, calling off through the window behind her, in a loud whisper, "*somebody get the swab!*"

Romeo, who had entered from the right hand side, and had not seen the flaring lamp, went on with his speech, interrupted from time to time by the lovely Capulet:

Romeo.—She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?

Juliet.—(Aside.)—Where is Mr. Sol Smith? Will somebody call him?

Romeo.—Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

Juliet.—(Aside.)—Will nobody get the swab? We shall all be burnt up!

Romeo.—I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks.

Juliet.—(Aside.)—No, it is to somebody to bring the swab. Where is Mr. Sol Smith?

Romeo.—See how she leans her cheek upon her hand; oh! that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek.

Juliet.—Ah, me! (Aside.) We'd better not go on. Where is the swab?

Romeo.—She speaks. Oh! speak again, bright angel.

Juliet.—(Aside.)—If that swab isn't brought this instant, I'll come down—I will. Ah! there's Mr. Sol Smith, with the swab, at last.

Romeo.—(Speaks the balance of the speech, unheeded by Juliet, who is watching the swabbing.)

Juliet.—Oh! Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo? (Aside.) Thank heaven, the danger's over; the swab has saved us!

RATHER THIN.

A ludicrous incident occurred, this winter, at "Woodlawn," on the Bloomingdale Road. Jones's hotel, of that place, is ornamented with a hostler, whose fun is as fearless as his face is ugly. One day, in January, while twenty or thirty fast gentlemen were standing on the front balcony of the hotel, an individual rode up the path, on the thinnest horse mortal eyes ever looked upon. Leaping from this phantom steed, the equestrian said, turning to the hostler,

"Here, John, give my horse some water."

"Sir?" said John, with a look of astonishment.

"Give my horse some water!" thundered the stranger.

"Your *horse?*" ejaculated John, still more surprised.

"Yes, you fool, my *horse!*" and the stranger looked savagely at him, and commenced drawing the lash of his whip through his hand.

John walked toward him as though he would demand an explanation, and had taken about six steps, when he suddenly stopped, like one surprised beyond expression:

"Bless my soul!" says he, "I ax your pardon, sir; but your hanimal was a *standin, on a line with that ere hitching post, and I didn't see him!*"

The owner of the spectral beast tried to frown, but a roar from the balcony made him change his mind.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

ANECDOTE OF THE EMPEROR PAUL OF RUSSIA.—General Kapioff was the only man who dared to play with the imperial tiger. Thus, on one occasion, he wagered he would pull Paul's pigtail; and it was certainly a desperate design thus to insult a man who made ladies leave their carriage when he passed, and sent an entire regiment to Siberia for going through its drill badly. Still Kapioff would not be defeated, and as the queue was at that time worn straight down the back, he put his own over one shoulder. The first time he was reprimanded by the Emperor, the second put under arrest, the third sent to the fortress. On his release, Kapioff went back to his duty as page, and took his place just behind Paul's chair. In the middle of dinner, Kapioff seized his Majesty's queue just as he would a bell-rope, and pulled it so violently that the Czar uttered a yell. "What is the matter?" asked Kapioff. "What are you doing with my queue, you rascal?" "It was on one side, sire; I was only putting it straight." "Well, you might have put it straight without pulling so hard."

MISTAKES OF MATRIMONY.

There are two mistakes about it. One is that which Dr. Watts has sanctioned in his celebrated lyric—that souls were *paired* when sent into this world, and somehow have got mixed and jumbled up, scarcely any one getting his true counterpart, or having any chance of doing so; and that hence are the jarrings of the married state. Many people lay off their miseries upon this mystic fatalism, and think, if they had only had their true partners, they should have been supremely happy. Now, the truth is, there are no persons but those regenerated, or becoming so, who can be brought into any intimate relation, least of all the *most* intimate, without drawing out all the mutual points of repulsion in their character.

We are not sent into the world paired and nicely fitted to each other without any agency of our own; we are brought here with selfish natures to be subdued, and angelic natures to be unfolded from within; and this is done through constant watchings, self-denials and efforts. Let two persons, then, with hearts intensely natural, be brought together in the most sacred of all relations. They think they are matched. They are so. But it may be either for a draw-game at self, or for walking, *æquis passibus*, on the heavenly road. If they begin in earnest a life of regeneration, internal evils, as they come successively into the consciousness, will be denied, and have all their jagged points filed off, and finally will be cast out entirely; and whereas their union at first might have been only external, it may become more and more internal; and at length it may become so perfect that, for aught we know, they may appear in the spiritual world, as Mr. T. L. Harris says, like one person instead of two. At any rate, they may become together a complete humanity, whereas, apart, they would be a humanity halved and split in twain.

On the other hand, suppose a regenerate life does not begin, but selfish and worldly living rather. Then the jagged points of the two selfish natures will begin to show themselves, and they will grow more protrusive, and make the disunion more and more complete. This will appear at first rather insensibly under externals, but it will grow to a terrible reality. At first they will only wish to look at the moon through separate windows; but very soon it will be as Hood says, and they will want separate moons to look at; and lastly there will be no moon at all, for all the romance of life will have departed, and its soft silvery light will have gone out in total darkness.

The other mistake is that of supposing the happiest marriages must be a union of congenial tastes and pursuits. Just the opposite, we think, is true. What does one want of another who is just like himself, and is not complementary of his own imperfect being? As Mr. Emerson puts it, "they must be very two before they can be very one." The more two the better. Ideal men want practical wives—ideal wives want practical men; and then the earth-side and the heaven-side of life being put together, it rounds to a glorious completeness. But they must be put together by interpenetration, and not by soldering; or, as Swedenborg says, they must be *conjoined*, and not *adjoined*.—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

TAKING THE SHREW.

Once on a time there was a King, and he had a daughter who was such a scold, and whose tongue went so fast there was no stopping it. So he gave out that the man who could stop her tongue, should have the Princess to wife, and half his kingdom into the bargain. Now, three brothers, who heard this, made up their minds to go and try their luck; and first of all the two elder went, for they thought they were the cleverest; but they couldn't cope with her at all, and got well thrashed beside. Then Boots, the youngest, set off, and when he had gone a little way, he found an osier band laying on the road, and he picked it up. When he had gone a little further he found a piece of broken plate, and he picked that up too. A little further on he found a dead magpie, and a little further on still a crooked ram's horn; so he went on a bit and found the fellow to the horn; and at last just as he was crossing the fields by the King's palace, where they were pitching out dung, he found a wornout shoesole. All the things he took with him into the palace, and went before the Princess.

"Good day," said he.

"Good day," said she, and made a wry face.

"Can't I get my magpie cooked here?" he asked.

"I'm afraid it will burst," answered the Princess.

"Oh! never fear! for I'll just tie this osier band round it," said the lad, as he pulled it out.

"The fat will run out of it," said the Princess.

"Then I'll hold this under it," said the lad; and showed her the piece of broken plate.

"You are so crooked in your words," said the Princess, "there's no knowing where to have you."

"No, I'm not crooked," said the lad; "but this is," as he held up one of the horns.

"Well!" said the Princess, "I never saw the match of this in all my days."

"Why, here you see the match to it," said the lad, as he pulled out the other ram's horn.

"I think," said the Princess," "you must have come here to wear out my tongue with your nonsense."

"No, I have not," said the lad; "but this is worn out," as he pulled out the shoe-sole.

To this the Princess hadn't a word to say, for she had fairly lost her voice with rage.

"Now you are mine," said the lad; and so got the Princess to wife, and half the kingdom.—*Dasent's Popular Stories from the Norse.*

NOT VERY CONCILIATING.—The elder Kean, having quarrelled with Rich, the manager of Drury Lane, became anxious to effect a reconciliation. He wrote to him in brief but expressive terms, "I am at Bath.—KEAN." The answer was equally laconic: "Stay there.—RICH."

THE OLD GENTLEMAN HAS HAD A LONG MILE, AND TENDERS THE LEGAL FARE---SIXPENCE.

CABBY (*with feigned surprise and delight*).—"What, *all—this—at once!?*"

HOW TO OBTAIN A GOVERNMENT SITUATION.

Louis the Fifteenth, of France, was almost too indolent to reign, but he had his peculiarities which rendered it no easy task for his ministers to manage him. The following incident will illustrate his character very vividly.

Two schemers, named Baudet and Chauvelon, assisted by a man of enthusiastic disposition, the Chevalier de Turgot, projected an expedition for the colonization of that part of Guinea which borders the muddy river Kourou.

The prime minister—to use an English phrase—the Duc de Choiseul, influenced by the cunning, and, perhaps, the bribes of Baudet, willingly lent his sanction to the adventure; but it was necessary to obtain the King's consent and his nomination of the chevalier as governor of the colony—which was to be. How was this to be effected?

"Who knows you at court?" said the Duke to the chevalier.

"I know no one, and am known by no one," replied Turgot, with the air of a man who despised courts and courtiers.

"But you formerly visited the palace. Is it very long ago?"

"I do not remember," said the chevalier.

The Duke fumed and fretted. The chevalier whistled.

"Does the King know you by sight, or by name?"

"I think not; indeed, I am sure he does not."

"Then my first difficulty will be to bring him acquainted with you. He does not love to hear of anybody or anything of which he is not before heard. Kings are all alike; they will not do aught, or hear aught, for they pretend they know everything. Are you not acquainted with a soul at Marly, or Saint Germain!"

"Ah! at St. Germain? Yes! I know the Duc d'Agen's gardener!"

"Excellent! Your fortune is made! Good morning, Monsieur de Turgot!"

Three weeks rolled on, and the chevalier grew uncomfortable. Another week, and a summons arrived from the Duc de Choiseul, bidding him repair immediately to Versailles.

"I thought, my lord, you had forgotten me," said the chevalier.

"No; I have effected everything. I spoke to the Duc d'Agen about you—he did not know you. Then, I told him of his gardener, his plants, of Cayenne, of your tastes, of my views—the Duke understood me. He told me I might propose you to the King. To-day, while I waited on his majesty, I introduced your name. I praised your genius, your comprehensive views, your grand ideas. Oh, you will be admirably well-received! Follow me."

The chevalier, amazed, half-stupified, followed the Duke into the royal cabinet. The King entered, glanced around, and said, "Oh, I see—the Chevalier de Turgot! a man of genius, comprehensive views, and——"

"Governor of Cayenne!" blandly cried the Duke.

The King smiled, nodded, and left the room.

"I have come to thank you," said Turgot to the Duc d'Agen, "for exercising your influence in my behalf."

"Yes," said the Duc d'Agen, "a few days ago, at supper, I seized an opportunity of speaking to the King. We had some pheasants dressed *a la Tartare*. The King commended them. 'Oh, your majesty, I cried, you should taste them when stewed *a la Turque!*' 'A la Turque,' Turgot, was it not a brilliant idea?"

"Where—when—by whom—were pheasants dressed *a la Turque?*" inquired his majesty.

"'At St. Germain,' I replied, 'drest exquisitely by my gardener.'

"'Your gardener,' exclaimed the King.

"'My gardener, who learnt the secret from the Chevalier de Turgot—a splendid fellow, your majesty!'

"'The Chevalier de Turgot—de Turgot—de Turgot,' muttered his majesty, 'we will not forget him. Obtain the recipe. He must be an excellent man.'

"And so you see, my dear Turgot, the King remembered your name, though he forgot all about the recipe, and, thanks to the pheasant *a la Turque*, you are now governor of Cayenne."

The Chevalier de Turgot went to Cayenne, and the colony was ruined. But what of that? The Duke d'Agen obliged the Duke de Choiseul, and the Duke de Choiseul kept his word with Monsieur Baudet. A praiseworthy arrangement? Well might the Swedish Chancellor Oxenstiern exclaim, "See with how little wisdom the world is governed!"

MORAL.—If you wish to obtain a government situation, learn to dress pheasants *a la Turque!*

Agricultural.

CISTERNS—HOW TO HAVE PURE CISTERN WATER.—Take an inch pipe, place one end on the bottom of the cistern, directly under the pipe with which you draw water; bring the other end over the top, taking care that the water shall rise above the upper bend of the pipe, before discharging elsewhere. Then depress the outer end into the drain, sufficient to discharge one or more barrels at a time. The principle of this will be readily seen by those who understand the philosophy of the siphon. By dropping the outer end lower than the curve, the water will not discharge till the cistern is filled to the upper side of the curve, when the discharge will commence, and continue until the water in the cistern is on a level with the outer end of the pipe, forming, as it were, an intermittent or remittent spring. The object of discharging quite a quantity at once, is that the water may become agitated at the bottom, and by this means draw out the sediment, preserving the water pure and clear, without further trouble, from year to year.—Those who try this experiment will find it to improve the good nature of the *gude* housewife.—*Ohio Farmer.*

BITTEN STOCK.—Since I have been in Illinois, I have had a number of horn cattle and colts *bitten by rattlesnakes*. My remedy has been (and with entire success) to bathe freely all the swollen parts with spirits of turpentine, repeating it for several days; if the colts are bitten on or near the mouth, and swollen so that they cannot suck, I milk the mare in a vessel and feed the colts with a spoon; by so doing, I have saved a number of very valuable colts. I usually milk my cows that have been bitten, very clean, and put the milk into a vault where nothing can get at it, as it is very poisonous.

I have seen men that had been bitten, and all they did was to bathe freely with spirits of turpentine. I have written thus early in the season on rattlesnake bites, because some of my friends have lost very valuable horses and cattle as early as the first of April.—C. W. GILBERT.—*Galesburg, Feb. 25, 1859.*

TO CURE SCRATCHES.—Having noticed in the Rural, inquiries as to a cure for Scratches, and being possessed of a simple preventive and cure, I pen it, as this is one of the worst seasons of the year for horses to be troubled with them. When the horse comes in at night, his legs should be washed clean and rubbed as dry as may be, then apply good vinegar, rubbing it well to the skin. Two applications a day are sufficient. I have always found it a sure preventive and a certain cure. If the legs have become cracked and sore, apply the vinegar freely, and add a piece of copperas the size of a common hickory nut to a quart of vinegar.—This is worth to any farmer more than the paper costs a year.—*Rural New Yorker.*

CONCRETE FLOORS.—The lower floors of all the cellars of houses should be composed of a bed of concrete about three inches thick. This would tend to render them dry, and more healthy, and at the same time prevent rats from burrowing under the walls from the outside, and coming up under the floors—the method pursued by these vermin where houses are erected on a sandy soil. This concrete should be made of washed gravel and hydraulic cement. Common mortar mixed with pounded brick and washed gravel, makes a concrete for floors nearly as good as that formed with hydraulic cement. Such floors become very hard, and are much cheaper than those of brick or flagstones.

FENCE-MAKING—INVERTED POSTS.—This is a thing perhaps not generally known among farmers, and perhaps not generally believed. It is nevertheless true that posts or stakes will last longer if inverted than otherwise; though the top end may be smallest, yet will it outlast the other if inverted. I am not able to give the reason why it is so, but am told that the timber has a natural "suction" by which water or dampness is drawn above the surface of the ground, which rots it off, which is not the case if inverted. Try it, brother farmers.—*Country Gentleman.*

LICE IN CATTLE.—I will send you a safe and sure remedy for lice on colts and cattle. Take white oak bark, boil it in water—making a strong decoction; wash the animals on the back and sides. In twenty-four hours, the lice will be completely tanned. Tanners oil is also first rate.—*North-Western Farmer.*

GAS TAR FOR THE PEACH BORER.—A correspondent of the American Farmer writes that he has found gas tar a preventative of the ravages of the peach borer. He had previously tried lime, ashes, soot, sulphur, tobacco stalks, and almost every remedy recommended, finally knowing that the borer deposits its egg at various times from June to October, in the bark of the tree, near the surface of the ground, he cleared away the earth from the body and roots of the tree to the depth of a few inches, and as soon as the bark was dried sufficiently, it was rubbed with a corn cob until it was smooth. The gas tar was then applied with a paint brush as low down as the excavation would allow, and for some three or four inches above the surface of the ground. The earth was filled into the holes again, and it was found the next season that the trees were perfectly healthy and uninjured by the worm or tar. Four trees were thus treated in 1855. In 1856 all the peach, apricot, and plum trees planted, and of these the borer was only found in two peach trees in 1858. Gas tar is naturally very drying, and should be applied with caution. In this case it seemed to have been efficient, and not to have been injurious. Still we think in the case of young trees especially, a safe operation would be, after digging the earth from the stem to place a ring of strong brown paper around the tree, and smear it with the tar.

TO MEASURE HAY.—"More than twenty years since," says an old farmer, "I copied the following method for measuring hay from an old publication. I have both bought and sold by it, and I believe it may be useful to many farmers: 'Multiply the length, breadth and height into each other, and if the hay is somewhat settled, ten solid yards make a ton. Clover will take from ten to twelve solid yards per ton.'"

HORSES WITH CRACKED HEELS.—The editor of the London Field recommends, as a remedy, zinc ointment mixed with one-eighth part of ointment of nitrate of mercury, and keep heels very dry.

Useful Receipts.

SALT RISING BREAD.—Having seen a number of articles on the subject of salt rising bread, and one in particular, in which the writer manifests a decided preference for hop yeast bread, I would like to compete with her before a committee of impartial judges, she using her hop yeast, and I my salt-rising. If the flour is good and the rising attended to at the proper time, (that is as soon as light) it will never become putrid. I will now give you my manner of proceeding with that kind of bread:

Early in the morning, say as soon as five o'clock, take a vessel of about a quart size and fill it one-third full of water milk-warm, adding three table spoonsful of new milk, and of salt and sugar, each as much as you can hold between the thumb and forefinger, then stir in as much flour as will make a *thick batter. Set it* in a kettle of warm water if the weather is cool, and keep it an even temperature till fermentation takes place which will be in four or five hours; then take as much flour as will make two large loaves and a teaspoon full of salt added. Scald about one third of the flour with water a little below the boiling point, (this makes the bread sweet and moist) *the two main qualities in good bread*, then add enough milk and water to make the paste sufficiently cool, so as not to scald the rising, which will bear a pretty high temperature; then mix in your rising and knead quick and thoroughly. Lay your loaves in good baking pans, set in a warm place, cover with a clean cloth and lay on the top of that a light pillow to keep the warmth from escaping. Your bread will be ready for the oven in about one hour. Bake till it is a light brown color and is thoroughly done.

Now if L. L. will follow my directions (albeit she came from the same direction that the wise men came from,) I will guaranty that her "AUTOCRAT" will have no reason to complain of bad bread.—L. B. GARDEN, *in Ohio Cultivator.*

PRESERVING BUTTER.—The New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture says the farmers in the parish of Unda, county of Aberdeen, Scotland, practice the following method for curing their butter, which has obtained for it a great superiority over that of their neighbors:—Take two quarts of the best common salt, one ounce of sugar, and one ounce of saltpetre; take one ounce of this composition for one pound of butter; work it well into the mass, and close it up for use. The butter cured with this mixture appears of a rich and marrowy consistence, and fine color, and never acquires a brittle hardness, nor tastes salty. Dr. Anderson says: "I have ate butter cured with the above composition that had been kept three years, and it was as sweet as at first." But it must be noted that butter thus cured requires to stand three weeks or a month before it is used. If it is sooner opened, the salts are not sufficiently blended with it, and sometimes the coolness of the nitre will be perceived, which totally disappears afterwards. The above is worthy the attention of every dairy woman.

AN EXCELLENT CEMENT.—Five years ago, we applied a cement, composed of white lead paint, whiting and dry white sand, to a small tin roof that leaked like a sieve; it soon became nearly as hard as stone, has never scaled off, and has kept the roof since then perfectly tight. It was put on about the consistency of thin putty. Slater's cement for stopping leaks around chimneys is composed of linseed oil, whiting, ground glass, and some brick dust. *It* is a good cement for this purpose; also for closing the joints of stone steps to houses.—*Scientific American.*

TO TAN WITH HAIR ON.—This is best done when the hides are green; if dry, soak until soft; rub well with salt, or put enough on to salt well; fold and lay away two or three days; flesh them well; then take pulverized alum, one quarter of a pound per skin, apply evenly with a pepper box, or something of the kind; sprinkle with water so as to render it perfectly damp; fold or roll it up and lay away six or eight days; then rub or scrape well while drying with a smooth edged iron or steel, or something made for the purpose. After this process the hide will be well tanned, and the hair well set.—*Maine Farmer.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 88 letters.

My 1, 19, 24, 72, 88, 49, 21, 66, is one of the divisions of France.

My 2, 8, 27, 36, 42, is a town in Egypt.

My 3, 10, 61, 74, 23, 7, 13, 25, is a lake in North America.

My 67, 32, 58, 16, 66, is a river in Brazil.

My 47, 31, 6, 35, 45, 29, is an island in the North Pacific Ocean.

My 59, 52, 27, 26, 79, is a mountain in Ethiopia.

My 13, 66, 51, 28, 47, is a cape on the coast of Ireland.

My 14, 5, 84, 60, 3, 75, 47, 47, is a county in Va.

My 38, 41, 56, 63, 11, is a river in England.

My 4, 54, 77, 80, 43, 71, is a town in Spain.

My 44, 63, 9, 50, 17, is one of the deserts of Asia.

My 18, 15, 53, 74, 59, 30, 39, 20, 62, is one of the German States.

My 69, 83, 81, 76, 46, 37, 48, 49, 73, is an island east of Greece.

My 14, 57, 34, 78, 41, 40, 1, is a town in N. York.

My 64, 85, 33, 54, 87, 72, 81, 48, is a town in Chili.

My 25, 19, 21, 53, 22, 58, 82, 65, is a river in India.

My 62, 9, 36, 55, 39, 86, 65, 70, is a town in Maine.

My whole are five of the United States with one county from each of the five. J. J. K.
Philadelphia.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 14, 12, 13, 5, was Emperor of Rome.

My 12, 11, 15, 2, 17, 13, 17, 8, was the greatest philosopher of his age.

My 6, 10, 17, 2, 8, was King of Hungary.

My 18, 5, 6, 10, 14, was one of the seven wise men of Greece.

My 16, 7, 13, 10, was a celebrated Italian poet and orator.

My 9, 4, 7, 13, 5, 12, 16, was Emperor of France.

My 1, 12, 6, 18, 5, 14, was an illustrious English [illegible].

My 1, 7, 8, 4, was a brigadier-general in the American army during the Revolution.

My whole was an eminent Prussian astronomer.
East Liverpool, Ohio. "MYLIO."

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 6, 1, 25, is formed of my 10, 9, 19, 28, 11.

My 3, 17, 17, 25, is the *after* part of my 29, 30, 21, 32.

My 22, 17, 8, 20, 5, is a river in Europe.

My 14, 17, 18, 1, 27, is a marine shell.

My 31, 17, 10, 8, is one of my 24, 13, 21, 4, 12, 16, 29, 19, 2, 26, 11, 29.

My whole was an officer who was mortally wounded during the second war for Independence, and his dying words. HENRY M. HOSMER.
Camden, M.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a useful machine;
My second is a weight;
My whole was an *English* poet
Who was truly great.

Jeff. Co., Ind. W. WATLINGTON, Jr.

CHARADE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is not large;
My second is a color;
My third is done on horses;
My fourth is an article of dress.
My whole was a famous fictitious personage.

Washington Co., N. Y. A. J. K.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 8 letters.

My 1st is in riches but not in wealth;
My 2d is in sickness but not in health;
My 3d is in corn but not in wheat;
My 4th is in chair but not in seat;
My 5th is in money but not in dime;
My 6th is in season but not in time.
My whole is a name in THE POST often seen.
You can guess it now unless you are "green."

Warren, Vt. HARP.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two straight and tall trees were standing on a level plane, at the distance of 22 feet from each other, the height of one was 79½ feet, the other 5½ feet shorter. By a violent gust of wind the tallest of these trees broke at some distance up, and, without slipping at the broken place, leaned over to the shorter tree, and without bending either just touched its top even with the other's top. Can any mathematician now from this, tell me at what height from the ground the said tree was broken? DANIEL DIFFENBACH.
Crotsenville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a thief in a garret like an honest man? Ans.—Because he is above, doing wrong.

☞ Why did Job always sleep cold? Ans.—Kase he had poor comforters.

☞ FROM A LONDON CONTRIBUTOR.—Why is one and sixpence like an aversion to "small change?" Ans.—Because it's hating-pence (eighteen-pence! Ha! ha!)

☞ CONUNDRUM FOR THE CURIOUS.—If cheese comes after meat, what comes after cheese? Don't you see? Ans.—A mouse!

☞ THE LAST.—Why is a person getting rheumatic like his wife when locking her cupboard-door? Ans.—Because he is turning achy (a-key.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.—First in peace, first in war, first in the hearts of his countrymen. GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Hudson the largest river in New York. Acrostically—Shenandoah River. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The Ladies Mount Vernon Association. RIDDLE—The letter M. CHARADE—Suicide. (Sue-i-side.) CHARADE—Buckskin. ANAGRAMS—Ebro, Elbe, Don, Nile, Niger, Lena, Oder, Dubl, Seine, Rhone, Iser, Salt. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—1 2-9.

☞ There are many people who falter and tremble as long as there is any mixture of doubt in their minds as to what they can or what they ought to do, but who, the moment that doubt ceases, have power and will to dare anything.